

1736 Dixon

B.

Golden Moments.

LIKE THE RIVERS, TIME IS GLIDING ;
BRIGHTEST HOURS HAVE NO ABIDING ;
Use the Golden Moments well ;
LIFE IS WASTING ;
DEATH IS HASTING ;
DEATH CONSIGNS TO HEAVEN OR HELL.

GIVE BOOKS: THEY LIVE WHEN YOU ARE DEAD;
LIGHT ON THE DARKENED MIND THEY SHED:
GOOD SEED THEY SOW FROM AGE TO AGE,
THROUGH ALL THIS MORTAL PILGRIMAGE.
THEY NURSE THE GERM OF HOLY TRUST;
THEY WAKE UNTIRED WHEN YOU ARE DUST.

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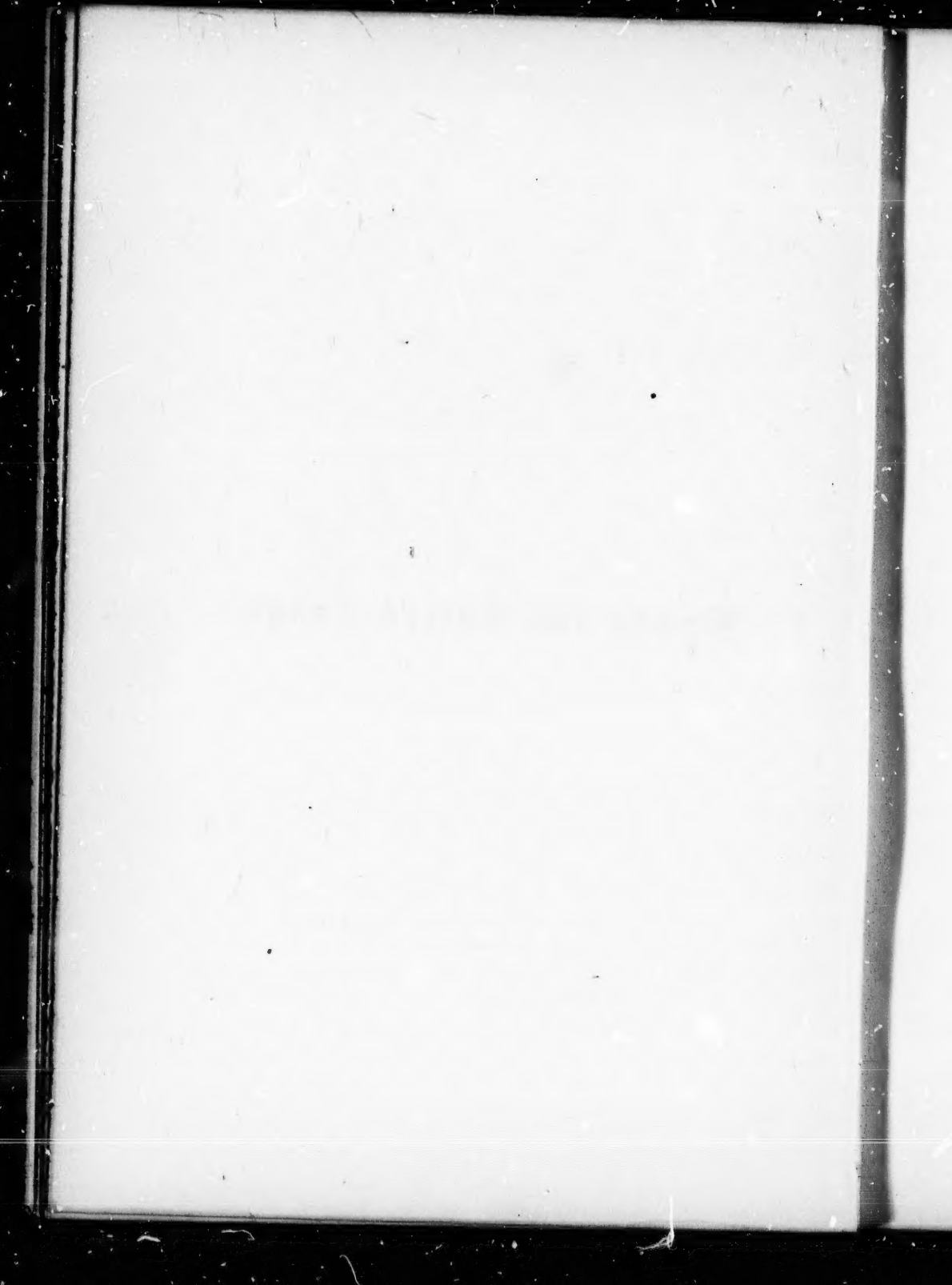
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Hymns and Sacred Songs.

Day and Night.

MORNING.

A WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past ;
Live this day, as if 'twere thy last ;
To improve thy talents take due care ;
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
Think how the All-seeing God, thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part ;
Who all night long unwearied sing,
"Glory to Thee, Eternal King."

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir;
 May your devotion me inspire;
 That I like you my age may spend,
 Like you may on my God attend.

May I like you in God delight,
 Have all day long my God in sight;
 Perform like you my Maker's will:
 Oh may I never more do ill!

Glory to Thee, who safe has kept,
 And hast refresh'd me while I slept:
 Grant, Lord, when I from death sha'l wake,
 I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
 Scatter my sins as morning dew;
 Guard my first spring of thought and will,
 And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day,
 All I design, or do, or say,
 That all my powers, with all their might
 In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, angelic host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

STILL WITH THEE

STILL with Thee, O my God,
 I would desire to be;
 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 I would be still with Thee:

With Thee, when dawn comes in,
 And calls me back to care;
 Each day returning to begin
 With Thee, my God, in prayer:

With Thee, amid the crowd
 That throngs the busy mart,
 To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,
 Speak softly to my heart:

With Thee, when day is done,
 And evening calms the mind;
 The setting as the rising sun
 With Thee my heart would find:

With Thee, when darkness brings
 The signal of repose;
 Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
 Mine eyelids I would close:

With Thee, in Thee, by faith
 Abiding I would be;
 By day, by night, in life, in death,
 I would be still with Thee.

GOD I THANK THEE FROM MY HEART.

GOD, who madest earth and heaven,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Who the day and night hast given,
 Sun and moon and starry host,
 Thou whose mighty hand maintains
 Earth and all that she contains ;

God, I thank Thee from my heart,
 That through all the livelong night,
 Thou hast kept me safe apart
 From all danger, pain, affright,
 And the cunning of my foe,
 Hath not wrought my overthrow.

Let the night of sin depart,
 As this earthly night hath fled ;
 Jesus, take me to Thy heart—
 In the blood that Thou hast shed
 Is my help and hope alone,
 For the evil I have done.

Help me as each morn shall break,
 In the spirit to arise,
 Let my soul from sin awake,
 That when o'er the aged skies
 Thy great Judgment Day appear,
 I may see it free from fear.

Ever lead me, ever guide
 All my wanderings by Thy Word ;
 As Thou hast been, still abide
 My defence, my refuge, Lord.
 Never safe except with Thee,
 Ever Thou my Guardian be !

Mighty God, I now commend
 Soul and body unto Thee,
 All the powers that Thou dost lend,
 By Thy hand directed be ;
 Thou my boast, my strength divine,
 Keep me with Thee, I am Thine.

Let Thine angel guard my soul
 From the Evil One's dark power,
 All his thousand wiles control,
 Warning, guiding me each hour,
 Till my final rest be come,
 And Thine angel bear me home.



OUR times are in Thy hand,
 O God, we wish them there ;
 Our life, our friends, our souls we leave
 Entirely to Thy care.

SAINT HILARY'S MORNING HYMN.

THOU bounteous Giver of the light,
 All-glorious, in whose light serene,
 Now that the night has pass'd away,
 The day pours back her sunny sheen.

Thou art the world's true Morning Star,
 Not that which on the edge of night,
 Faint herald of a little orb,
 Shines with a dim and narrow light.

Far brighter than our earthly sun,
 Thyself at once the Light and Day,
 The inmost chambers of the heart
 Illumining with heavenly ray.

Thou Radianee of the Father's light,
 Draw near, Creator Thou of all ;
 The fears of whose removed grace,
 Our hearts with direst dread appal.

And may Thy Spirit fill our souls,
 That in the common needs of time,
 In converse with our fellow-men,
 We may be free from every crime.

Be every evil lust repell'd.
 By guard of inward purity,
 That the pure body evermore,
 The Spirit's holy shrine may be.

These are our votive offerings,
 This hope inspires us as we pray,
 That this our holy matin light,
 May guide us through the busy day.



OUR God, our Father, with us stay,
 And make us keep Thy narrow way;
 Free us from sin and all its power;
 Give us a joyful dying hour;
 Deliver us from Satan's arts,
 And let us build our hopes on Thee,
 Down in our very heart of hearts!
 O God, may we true servants be,
 And serve Thee ever perfectly.
 Help us, with all Thy children here,
 To fight and flee with holy fear;
 Flee from temptation, and to fight
 With Thine own weapons for the right;
 Amen, Amen, so let it be!
 So shall we ever sing to Thee,
 Hallelujah!

NEW EVERY MORNING.

NEW every morning is the love
 Our wakening and uprising prove ;
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
 Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies each returning day,
 Hover around us while we pray ;
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
 Be set to hallow all we find,
 New treasures still, of countless price,
 God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
 Will furnish all we need to ask ;
 Room to deny ourselves ; a road
 To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
 Fit us for perfect Rest above ;
 And help us, this and every day,
 To live more nearly as we pray.

SUNDAY MORNING.

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
 Another Lord's day has begun ;
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
 Improve the day thy God hath blest.

This day may our devotion rise,
 As grateful incense to the skies ;
 And draw from heaven that sweet repose
 Which none but he who feels it knows.

That peaceful calm, within the breast,
 Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,
 Which for the church of God remains,—
 The end of cares, the end of pains.

In holy duties, let the day,
 In holy pleasures, pass away :
 How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end !



MID-DAY.

WHEN at mid-day my task I ply
 With labouring hand or watchful eye,
 I need the timely aid of prayer
 To guard my soul from worldly care.

Thou, Lord, did'st consecrate this hour
 To mind us of Thy saving power,
 Thy living water's heavenly spell,
 The mystery of Jacob's well.

There, about noon, with toil oppress'd,
 Feebly Thy voice its plaint express'd,
 "Give Me to drink!" O wondrous woe!
 God thirsts, from whom all blessings flow!

He needed not, by whom we live,
 And only ask'd, that He might give :
 A mightier want He felt within ;
 The thirst to save a soul from sin.

Lord, in our pilgrimage of grace,
 Thy weary footsteps oft we trace ;
 And in the inner man renew,
 The grief, Thy sacred body knew.

Our spirits faint upon the way,
 We bear the burden of the day :
 'Tis then for strength to Thee we turn,
 Sit at Thy feet, and wisdom learn.

We ask of Thee, the gift of God,
 Pure water from the vital flood,
 To cure our feverish thirst of sin,
 A well of water deep within.

'Twas at mid-day, on blood intent,
 Saul to Damascus raging went :
 A light from heaven upon him came,
 Putting that mid-day sun to shame.

The sudden glorious burst appals ;
 Dash'd to the earth he headlong falls :
 A Voice reproves ; a Form appears ;
 Aghast he sees and trembling hears.

Now streams that light with mellow'd glow
 Around our path, where'er we go ;
 Inviting us at noon to raise
 Our hearts to God in prayer and praise.

And calmly now we hear that word ;
 It bids us rise and meet the Lord :
 What hour He cometh, none can say ;
 At dead of night, or at mid-day.

O ! rise thou then, and strive, my soul,
 To reach the beatific goal !
 Thy every nerve and sinew strain,
 The crown of glory to obtain.

For see, in all this noon-tide heat,
 How worldlings labour for the meat
 That perishes and comes to nought,
 Like shadow, when we think 'tis caught.

And wilt thou then refuse thy pains
 For heaven's imperishable gains?
 Or canst thou grudge thy utmost toil
 For treasures, none can steal or spoil?

The sun has its meridian past;
 Soon will its beams oblique be cast;
 And twilight pale will rise t'enshroud
 Their radiance in the western cloud.

Yet, for a time, 'tis bright and glad;
 But coming night is dark and sad:
 The day to man for toil was given;
 And none at night can work for Heaven.

Sun of my soul, Thyself display!
 Quicken me, Lord, and cheer my way!
 Till, borne upon Thy healing wing,
 Upward I soar Thy praise to sing.

E'en now, when far from Thy bless'd light,
 At morn and eve, at noon and night,
 I tune my heart betimes, to join,
 Where angels in Thy presence shine.

Yet angels, in their loftiest song,
Fail in their flight, and do Thee wrong ;
Like as their veil'd adoring face
Tells of a Glory, none can trace !

And now, my mid-day homage paid,
Life's busy path again I tread ;
Yet happier far its task I ply
From surer trust that Thou art nigh ;

Nigh to defend, assist, and bless,
Making my cares and dangers less ;
And daily duteous toil the road,
That leads to perfect peace in God :

Peace, through the grace of Christ our Lord ;
Rest, in the Father's love restor'd ;
Joy, by the Spirit's union given ;
The peace, the rest, the joy of Heaven !



GIVE words, kind words, to those who err ;
G Remorse much needs a comforter.
Though in temptation's wiles they fall,
Condemn not—we are sinners all.
With the sweet charity of speech,
Give words that heal, and words that teach.

EVENING.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
 G For all the blessings of the light ;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done ;
 That with the world, myself and Thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Triumphant rise at the last day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
 And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close :
 Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
 To serve my God, when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
 My soul with heavenly thoughts supply :
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
 No powers of darkness me molest.

O when shall I, in endless day,
 For ever chase dark sleep away,
 And hymns divine with angels sing,
 Glory to Thee, Eternal King.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, angelic host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



SOFTLY now the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away;
 Free from care, from labour free,
 Lord, I would commune with Thee:

Thou, whose all-pervading eye
 Nought escapes, without, within,
 Pardon each infirmity,
 Open fault, and secret sin.

Soon, for me, the light of day
 Shall for ever pass away;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee:

Thou Who, sinless, yet hast known
 All of man's infirmity;
 Then from Thine eternal Throne,
 Jesus, look with pitying eye.

NOW ONE DAY'S JOURNEY LESS.

NOW one day's journey less divides
 Me from the world where God resides;
 If I have walk'd by faith in fear,
 A stranger and a pilgrim here,

I've one day less my watch to keep,
 My foes to fear, my falls to weep;
 I've one day less to see within,
 Conflict, defeat, remorse and sin.

And oh! reflect, my fainting soul,
 Thou'rt one stage nearer to the goal;
 Thou'rt one stage nearer to the shore,
 Where thou wilt grieve for sin no more.

If the sweet presence of thy God
 To-day has cheered and blessed thy road,
 Think what must be that glorious place,
 Where He will never hide His face.

If thou hast oft been led astray,
 And mournfully review'st the day,
 Still strive the more that rest to attain
 Where thou wilt never sin again.

If thou hast mourned for friends endear'd,
 Whose converse once thy journey cheer'd,
 Think that in heaven no cause will sever
 The bond that re-unites for ever.

Let every gift by God bestowed,
 Each kind refreshment on my road ;
 Let every sorrow, hope and fear,
 Incite my soul to persevere.

Since I alone on Thee depend,
 Oh, guide me to my journey's end ;
 Then bear my soul o'er death's dark wave,
 To realms of joy beyond the grave.



INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
 Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,
 My all to Thy covenant care,
 I, sleeping or waking resign.

If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,
 The night is no darkness to me ;
 And, fast, as my minutes roll on,
 They bring me but nearer to Thee.

A Sovereign Protector I have,
 Unseen, yet for ever at hand ;
 Unchangeably faithful to save,
 Almighty to rule and command.

His smiles and His comforts abound,
 His grace, as the dew, shall descend,
 And walls of salvation surround
 The soul He delights to defend.

ABIDE WITH ME.

ABIDE with me! fast falls the even-tide;
 The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
 Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
 Change and decay in all around I see;
 O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
 But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
 Come not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
 But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
 Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
 Come, Friend of sinners, and thus 'bide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth did'st smile
 And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
 Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee
 On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy Presence every passing hour:
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless :
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
 Where is death's sting ? where, Grave, thy victory ?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me !

Hold then Thy cross before my closing eyes !
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies !
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ;
 In life and death, O Lord, abide with me !



SUN of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night, if Thou be near :
 O may no earth-born cloud arise
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes !

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 For ever on my Saviour's breast !

Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live ;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die !

NEARER HEAVEN.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me, o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer my home to-day,
Than I've ever been before.

Nearer my Father's home,
Where the many mansions be ;
Nearer the great White Throne,
Nearer the jasper sea.

Nearer the bound of life
Where I lay my burden down ;
Nearer to leave my cross,
Nearer to wear my crown.

Nearer the time when I shall join
The white-robed angels' song ;
And meet the dear ones gone before,
Amid that countless throng.

Nearer the palaces of light,
And to the streets of gold :
Nearer the temple of my God,
And to delights untold.

Nearer to holiness—to bliss,
Nearer my Saviour's breast,
Nearer the land where all is love,
The children's promised rest.

Bright, bright to me, the sunset sky,
 Gilding the soul within,
 With sweet thoughts of a fairer world,
 To which I'm hastening.



THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
 Recorded every word and deed ;
 May He, who to Thy Throne ascended,
 Now for our pardon intercede !
 The day is past, with joy or sorrow
 Charging life's uncertain length :
 May Thy Spirit for the morrow,
 Teach us hope, and give us strength !



O MAY I live, with Jesus nigh,
 And sleep in Jesus when I die !
 Then, joyful, when from death I wake,
 I shall eternal bliss partake.

SUNDAY EVENING.

ERE another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord! our song ascends to Thee;
At Thy feet we bow the knee.

For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of Heaven!

Cold our services have been;
Mingled every prayer with sin;
But Thou canst and wilt forgive;
By Thy grace alone we live!

Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead!
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last!

Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end!



NIGHT.

HEAR my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep ;
Bid Thy angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.

My sins are heavy, but Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one ;
Down before Thy cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

Keep me, through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade ;
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made !

None shall measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought ;
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which Thy Holy Son hath bought.

Pardon all my past transgressions ;
Give me strength for days to come ;
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels bid me home !



MIDNIGHT.

MY God, now I from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take ;
From midnight terror me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure !

Bless'd angels ! while we silent lie,
You hallelujahs sing on high ;
You joyful hymn the Ever-blest
Before the Throne, and never rest.

I with your choir celestial join
In offering up a hymn divine ;
With you in Heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.

My soul, when I shake off this dust,
Lord, in Thy arms I will entrust :
O make me Thy peculiar care ;
Some mansion for my soul prepare !

Give me a place at Thy saints' feet,
Or some fall'n angel's vacant seat !
I'll strive to sing as loud as they,
Who sit above in brighter day.

O may I always ready stand
With my lamp burning in my hand ;
May I in sight of Heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice !

All praise to Thee in light array'd,
 Who light Thy dwelling-place hast made ;
 A boundless ocean of bright beams
 From Thy all-glorious God-head streams.

Bless'd Jesu, Thou, on Heaven intent,
 Whole nights hast in devotion spent ;
 But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
 And all my zeal is soon expired.

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart !
 Fresh ardours kindle in my heart !
 One ray of Thy all-quickenning light
 Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
 Watch over Thine own sacrifice !
 All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
 And make my very dreams devout !

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him, all creatures here below !
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



The World.—Eternity.—Heaven.

THE WORLD.

UNTHINKING, idle, wild, and young,
I laugh'd, and talk'd, and danc'd, and sung;
And proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dream'd not of sorrow, care, or pain;
Concluding, in these hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

But when the days of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame:
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could dance and sing no more;
It then occur'd, how sad 'twould be,
Were this world, only, made for me!



IN this dark world of sin and pain,
We only meet to part again;
But when we reach the heavenly shore,
We then shall meet to part no more.
The hope that we shall see that day,
Should chase our present griefs away;
When these few years of pain are past,
We'll meet around the throne at last.

WHAT IS LIFE.

WHAT is life?—a rapid stream,
 Rolling onward to the ocean.
 What is life?—a troubled dream,
 Full of incident and motion.

What is life?—the arrow's flight,
 That mocks the keenest gazer's eye.
 What is life?—a gleam of light,
 Darting through a stormy sky.

What is life?—a varied tale,
 Deeply moving, quickly told,
 What is life?—a vision pale,
 Vanishing while we behold.

What is life?—a smoke, a vapour,
 Swiftly mingling with the air.
 What is life?—a dying taper,
 The spark that glows to disappear.

What is life?—a flower that blows,
 Nipped by the frost, and quickly dead.
 What is life?—the full-blown rose,
 That's scorched at noon and withered.

Such is life,—a breath, a span,
 A moment quickly gone from thee.
 What is death?—Oh! mortal man!
 Thy entrance on eternity.

WHAT IS TIME.

I ASKED an aged man, a man of cares,
 Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs,
 "Time is the *warp* of life," he said, "O tell
 The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!"

I asked the ancient venerable dead,
 Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled;
 From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed;
 "Time sowed the *seeds* we reap in this abode!"

I asked a dying sinner, ere the stroke
 Of ruthless death life's "golden bowl had broke,"
 I asked him, What is time? "Time," he replied,
 "I've lost it. Ah the *treasure*!" and he died!

I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,
 Those bright chronometers of days and years;
 They answered, "Time is but a *meteor's* glare,"
 And bade me for eternity prepare.

I asked the seasons, in their annual round
 Which beautify, or desolate the ground;
 And they replied, (no oracle more wise),
 "'Tis folly's *blank*, and wisdom's highest *prize*!"

I asked a spirit lost, but, O the shriek
 That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak!
 It cried, "A *particle*! a *speck*! a mite
 Of endless years, duration infinite!"

Of things inanimate, my dial I
 Consulted, and it made me this reply,
 "Time is the season fair of living well,
 The path to glory, or the path to hell."

I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,
 "Thine is the present hour, the past is fled ;
 Live ! live to-day ! *to-morrow* never yet,
 On any human being, rose or set !"

I asked old father Time himself at last ;
 But in a moment he flew swiftly past ;
 His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
 His noiseless steeds, that left no trace behind.

I asked the mighty angel, who shall stand,
 One foot on sea, and one on solid land :
 "By heaven's great King, I swear the mystery's o'er !
 "Time *was*," he cried,—“but Time shall be no more !”



THIS world is but the rugged road
 Which leads us to the bright abode
 Of peace above ;
 So let us choose that narrow way,
 Which leads no traveller's foot astray
 From realms of love.

ETERNITY.

MARK WELL, O MAN, ETERNITY!

ETERNITY! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 Yet onward still, to thee we speed,
 As to the fight th' impatient steed,
 As ship to port, or shaft from bow,
 Or swift as couriers homeward go.
 Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 As in a ball's concentric round
 Nor starting point nor end is found,
 So thou, Eternity so vast,
 No entrance and no exit hast.
 Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 A ring whose orbit still extends,
 And ne'er beginning, never ends,
Always thy centre, ring immense,
 And *never* thy circumference.
 Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity ! Eternity !
 How long art thou, Eternity !
 Came there a bird each thousandth year
 One sand grain from the hills to bear,
 * When all had vanished, grain by grain,
 Eternity would still remain.

Mark well, O man, Eternity !

Eternity ! Eternity !
 How long art thou, Eternity !
 As long as God shall God remain,
 So long shall last hell's torturing,
 So long the joys of Heaven shall be ;
 Oh long delight, long misery !

Mark well, O man, Eternity !

Eternity ! Eternity !
 How long art thou, Eternity !
 Oh, man, let oft thy musings dwell
 Upon the dreadful woes of hell,
 Oft on the saints' all glorious lot—
 For both shall last when time *is not*.

Mark well, O man, Eternity !

Eternity ! Eternity !
 How long art thou, Eternity !
 The thought of thee, in pain how dread,
 In joy how bright thy prospects spread,
 For here God's goodness glads our eyes—
 And there His justice terrifies.

Mark well, O man, Eternity !

Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 Who here lived poor and sore distressed
 Now truly rich with God doth rest,
 With joys consoled for all his ill
 He lives to praise God's goodness still.
 Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 A moment's pleasure sinners know
 Through which they pass to endless woe,
 A moment's woe the righteous taste
 Through which to endless joy they haste.
 Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 Who looks to thee alone, is wise,
 Sins pleasures all he can despise,
 The world attracts him now no more
 His love for vain delights is o'er.
 Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 Who thinks on thee speaks thus with God,
 "Here prove me with Thy chastening rod,
 Oh! let me here Thy judgments bear
 Hereafter Lord in mercy spare!"
 Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 "O man I warn thee, think on me,
 Think oft on me, Eternity,
 For I the sinner's woe shall prove
 And recompense of pious love."
 Mark well, O man, Eternity!



ANCIENT EPITAPH.

Quod expendi, habui.
 Quod donavi, habeo.
 Quod negavi, punior.
 Quod servavi, perdidit.

(Translated:)

LO al that ere I spent somtym had I.
 Al that I gav to good intent that now have I.
 That which I nether gav nor lent that now aby* I.
 That I kept till I went that lost I.

EPITAPH. A. D. 1533.

WHOSO him bethoft inwardly and oft,
 How hard it were to flit from bed unto the pitt,
 From pitt unto payne, that nere shall cease certeyne,
 He wold not doe one sinn, all the world to winn.

(* Aby.—i. e. to suffer for.)

HEAVEN.

WHAT IS IN HEAVEN.

There is life without ony death,
 And there is youth without ony eild;
 And there is all manner wealth to wield;
 And there is rest without ony travail;
 And there is peace without ony strife,
 And there is all manner lyking of life:
 And there is bright summer ever to see,
 And there is never winter in that countrie:
 And there is more worship and honour,
 Than ever had king or emperour.
 And there is great melodie of angels' song,
 And there is praising them among:
 And there is all manner friendship that may be,
 And there is ever perfect love and charitie.
 And there is wisdom without folly,
 And there is honesty without villany.
 All these a man may joys of Heaven call:
 But yet the most sovereign joy of all
 Is the sight of God's bright face,
 In whom resteth all manner grace.



THE LAMBS OF CHRIST.

THEY were gathered early, earth's young and fair;
 Time cannot touch them, nor woe, nor care;
 Safe in the harbour of endless rest,
 The babes are cradled on Jesus' breast.

There are eyes of sapphire, and locks of gold,
 And roseate hues, in that little fold;
 Music untaught, like the wild bird's song,
 In gushes burst from the cherub throng.

From silken couches, and beds of down,
 Through the dusky ways of the crowded town,
 By hall, and village, and moorland bleak,
 Have the angels travelled those buds to seek.

And some who were born to an earthly crown,
 When the angels whispered, they laid it down;
 'Twas a weary weight for those tiny heads,
 So they died uncrowned in their little beds.

There are those who were born in grief and shame,
 Without mother's love, or a father's name;
 O'er their lamp of life the chill night-wind swept;
 They were laid in the earth, unowned, unwept.

There are some for whom gray heads toiled and planned.
 And they hoarded gold, and they purchased land ;
 The innocent heirs of a sordid care,
 They were snatched from the teeth of the gilded snare.

There are some who were taken, we know not why,
 By the love that walketh in mystery,
 The mercy that moves behind sunless clouds ;
 For earth's saints wept o'er their early shrouds.

There are those o'er whom solemn tears were shed
 By parents who struggled for daily bread,
 Who mourned o'er the soul they brought to strife ;
 But the angels gave it the bread of life.

They are one in heaven,—the wept and dear,
 The foundling who perished without a tear,
 Of lands and titles earth's infant heir,
 And the blighted offspring of want and care.

The lambs of Christ ! by the founts and rills,
 O'er the heights of the everlasting hills,
 They follow with joy the Bridegroom's train :
 If ye love, can ye wish them back again ?



AND thou shalt walk in soft, white light, with kings and
 priests abroad,
 And thou shalt summer high in bliss, upon the hills of God.

RE-UNION.

"I SHALL GO TO HIM BUT HE SHALL NOT RETURN TO ME."

THOU wilt not sever us, O Lord our God,
 In Thy blest mansions. On earth's dreary sod
 Our hearts are torn with partings. One by one
 The lov'd and cherish'd leave us. Ev'ry stone
 The cold, damp cemetery holds, is faced
 With lines that find their parallels deep traced
 Within our souls. Thus works Thy chisel, Lord,
 In strokes severe: yet be Thy name adored
 For all Thy dealings: in Thy purpose deep
 A blessing lies, unscanned by us who weep
 Amid these shadows. Night will soon be past,
 The cloudy night of time that ends at last
 In heaven's bright morning. Yet a little while
 And we shall greet that blissful morning's smile
 With Hallelujahs. Then Thy love's deep thought
 Shall be unfolded; all Thy blood has bought
 Shall come with Thee—and each we loved and knew
 And mourn'd for here, shall rise upon our view
 In brighter, lovelier form—akin to Thine—
 Thy work, Lord Jesus!—Perfect, pure, divine!—
 Thus re-united, through eternal days
 Our joy shall be *Thyself*—our work Thy praise.



WHO ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY.

WHO are these in bright array?
 This innumerable throng
 Round the altar, night and day,
 Tuning their triumphant song?
 Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
 Blessing, honour, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain;
 New dominion every hour.

These through fiery trials trod;
 These from great affliction came;
 Now before the Throne of God,
 Seal'd with His Eternal Name;
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor palms in every hand,
 Through their great Redeemer's might
 More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed;
 Them the Lamb amidst the Throne
 Shall to living fountains lead,
 Joy and gladness banish sighs;
 Perfect love dispels their fears;
 And, for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away their tears.



Sacred Seasons.

ADVENT.

HAIL! Thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints, Thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a Child, yet God our King
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious Throne.



CHRISTMAS.

CHRIST IS BORN IN BETHLEHEM.

HARK! the herald-angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled.

Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.

Veiled in flesh, the God-head see;
Hail th' Incarnate Deity,
Pleased, as Man, with man to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings;
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!

Mild He lays His glory by
 Born that man no more may die
 Born to raise the sons of earth
 Born to give them second birth.

Sing we then, with angels sing :
 Glory to the new-born King !
 Glory in the highest heaven,
 Peace on earth, and man forgiven.



IN Thy Presence I am happy ;
 In Thy Presence I'm secure ;
 In Thy Presence all afflictions
 I can easily endure ;
 In Thy Presence I can conquer,
 I can suffer, I can die :
 Far from Thee, I faint and perish,
 Oh my Saviour, keep me nigh !

LENT.

LITANY.

SAVIOUR, when in dust, to Thee,
 Lo we bow th' adoring knee;
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
 O, by all Thy pains and woe,
 Suffer'd once for man below,
 Bending from Thy throne on high,
 Hear our solemn Litany.

By Thy birth and early years,
 By Thy human griefs and fears,
 By Thy fasting and distress,
 In the lonely wilderness;
 By Thy victory in the hour
 Of the subtle tempter's power:
 Jesus, look with pitying eye;
 Hear our solemn Litany.

By Thine hour of dark despair,
 By Thine agony of prayer,
 By Thy purple robe of scorn,
 By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
 By Thy cross, Thy pangs and cries,
 By Thy perfect sacrifice;
 Jesus, look with pitying eye;
 Hear our solemn Litany.

By Thy deep expiring groan,
 By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
 By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
 By Thy power from death to save;
 Mighty God, ascended Lord,
 To Thy throne in heaven restored,
 Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
 Hear our solemn Litany.



ONE prayer I have—all prayers in one—
 When I am wholly Thine;
 Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,
 And let that will be mine.



THOU art with me, O my Father,
 In the changing scenes of life,
 In loneliness of spirit,
 And in weariness of strife.

My sufferings, my comfortings,
 Alternate at Thy will;
 I trust Thee, O my Father,
 I trust Thee, and am still.

GOOD FRIDAY.

JESU, MIGHTY SUFFERER.

JESU, mighty Sufferer! say,
How shall we this dreadful day
Near Thee draw, and to Thee pray?

We, whose proneness to forget
Thy dear love, on Olivet,
Bathed Thy brow with bloody sweat;—

We, who still in thought and deed
Often hold the bitter reed
To Thee, in Thy time of need;—

Canst Thou pardon us, and pray,
As for those who on this day
Took Thy precious life away?

Yes, Thy blood is all my plea;
It was shed, and shed for me,
Therefore to Thy cross I flee.

Jesu, deign in love to take
Pity on my soul, and make
This day bright for Thy dear sake.



EASTER.

CHRIST IS RISEN.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
 Sons of men and angels say;
 Raise your joys and triumphs high
 Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the victory won;
 Jesus' agony is o'er,
 Darkness veils the earth no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ has burst the gates of hell;
 Death in vain forbids Him rise,
 Christ has opened Paradise.

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
 Following our exalted Head;
 Made like Him, like Him we rise;
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.



HOLY BAPTISM.

IN TOKEN THAT THOU SHALT NOT FEAR.

IN token that thou shalt not fear
 Christ Crucified to own,
 We print the cross upon thy brow,
 And stamp thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush
 To glory in His Name,
 We blazon here upon thy front
 His glory and His shame.

In token that thou shalt not fear
 Christ's conflict to maintain,
 But 'neath His banner manfully
 Firm at thy post remain ;

In token that thou too shalt tread
 The path He travell'd by,
 Endure the cross, despise the shame,
 And sit with Him on high ;

Thus, outwardly and visibly,
 We seal thee for His own :
 And may the brow that wears His cross
 Hereafter share His crown !

HOLY COMMUNION.

—
 “THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.”
 —

MY God, and is Thy table spread,
 And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
 Thither be all Thy children led,
 And let them Thy sweet mercies know.

Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
 Rich banquet of His flesh and blood:
 Thrice happy he who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

Why are its bounties all in vain
 Before unwilling hearts display'd?
 Was not for you the Victim slain?
 Are you forbid the children's bread?

O let Thy table honour'd be,
 And furnish'd well with joyful guests:
 And may each soul salvation see,
 That here its holy pledges tastes.

Drawn by Thy quickening grace, O Lord,
 In countless numbers let them come;
 And gather from their Father's board,
 The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

Nor let Thy spreading Gospel rest,
 Till through the world Thy truth has run;
 Till with this bread all men be blest,
 Who see the light or feel the sun.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE.

THOU art gone to the grave : but we will not deplore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb ;
 The Saviour hath pass'd through its portal before thee,
 And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom !
 Thou art gone to the grave : we no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;
 But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died !
 Thou art gone to the grave : and, its mansion forsaking,
 Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long ;
 But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy waking,
 And the sound which thou heard'st was the Seraphim's song !
 Thou art gone to the grave : but we will not deplore thee ;
 Whose God was thy ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide !
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee ;
 And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died !



THE gloom of the night adds a charm to the morn,
 Stern winter the spring-time endears ;
 And the darker the cloud on which it is drawn,
 The brighter the rainbow appears.
 So trials and sorrows the Christian prepare
 For the rest that remaineth above ;
 On earth tribulation awaits him, but there
 The smile of unchangeable love.

THE VOICE AT MIDNIGHT CAME.

THE voice at midnight came ;
 He started up to hear ;
 A mortal arrow pierc'd his frame,
 He fell, but felt no fear.

Tranquil amid alarms,
 It found him on the field,
 A veteran slumbering on his arms,
 Beneath his red-cross shield.

At midnight came the cry,
 " To meet thy God prepare ! "
 He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye,—
 Then strong in faith and prayer,

His spirit with a bound,
 Left its encumbering clay ;
 His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
 A darkened ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
 Labour and sorrow cease ;
 And life's long warfare clos'd at last,
 His soul is found in peace.



BROTHER THOU ART GONE BEFORE US.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us; and thy saintly
soul is flown,
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow is
unknown;
From the burden of the flesh, and from care and fear releas'd.
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are
at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er, and borne the heavy
load;
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet to reach His blest
abode:
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus upon his father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now, nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit fail:
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good, whom on earth
thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us, whom thou hast
left behind,
May we, untainted by the world, as sure a welcome find!
May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
are at rest.

THIS EARTH IS A COUCH, NOT A GRAVE.

AH! hush now your mournful complainings,
 Nor, mothers, your sweet babes deplore;
 This death we so shrink from but cometh
 The ruin of life to restore.

Who now would the sculptor's rich marble,
 Or beautiful sepulchres, crave?
 We lay them but here in their slumber;
 This earth is a couch, not a grave.

This body a desolate casket,
 Deprived of its jewel, we see;
 But soon, her old colleague rejoining,
 The soul re-united shall be.

For quickly the day is approaching,
 When life through these cold limbs shall flow,
 And the dwelling, restored to its inmate,
 With the old animation shall glow.

The body which lay in dishonour,
 In the mouldering tomb to decay,
 Rejoin'd to the spirit which dwelt there,
 Shall soar like a swift bird away.

The seed which we sow in its weakness,
 In the spring shall rise green from the earth;
 And the dead we thus mournfully bury,
 In God's spring-time again shall shine forth.

Mother Earth, in thy soft bosom cherish
 Whom we lay to repose in thy dust ;
 For precious these relics we yield thee :
 Be faithful, O Earth, to thy trust.

This once was the home of a spirit
 Created, and breathed from its God ;
 The wisdom and love Christ imparteth
 Once held in this frame their abode.

Then shelter the sacred deposit ;
 • The Maker will claim it of thee :
 The Sculptor will never forget it,
 Once form'd in His image to be.

The happy and just times are coming,
 When God every hope shall fulfil ;
 And visibly then thou must render
 What now in thy keeping lies still.

For though, through the slow lapse of ages,
 These mouldering bones should grow old,
 Reduced to a handful of ashes
 A child in its hands might enfold :

Though flames should consume it, and breezes
 Invisibly float it away,
 Yet the body of man cannot perish,
 Indestructible through its decay.

Yet whilst, O our God, o'er the body
 Thou watchest, to mould it again,
 What region of rest hast Thou order'd
 Where the spirit unclothed may remain?

In the bosom of saints is her dwelling,
 Where the fathers and Lazarus are,
 Whom the rich man, athirst, in his anguish
 Beholds in their bliss from afar.

We follow Thy words, O Redeemer,
 When, trampling on Death in his pride,
 Thou sentest to tread in Thy footsteps
 The thief on the cross at Thy side.

The bright way of Paradise open'd,
 For every believer has space ;
 And that garden again we may enter
 Which the serpent once closed to our race.

Thus violets sweet, and green branches,
 Oft over these relics we strew ;
 The name on these cold stones engraven
 With perfumes we'll fondly bedew.



The Second Coming of our Lord.

WHILST THE CARELESS WORLD IS SLEEPING.

WHILST the careless world is sleeping,
Blest the servants who are keeping
Watch, according to His Word,
For the coming of their Lord.

At His table He will place them,
With His royal banquet grace them,
Banquet that shall never cloy ;
Bread of life and wine of joy.

Heard ye not your master's warning ?
He will come before the morning,
Unexpected, undescried ;
Watch ye for Him open-eyed.

Teach us so to watch, Lord Jesus ;
From the sleep of sin release us :
Swift to hear Thee let us be,
Meet to enter in with Thee,

God who with all good provides us,
God who made, who saved, who guides us,
Praise we with the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

THE LORD'S KNOCKING.

THE night is far spent, and the day is at hand,
 There are signs in the heaven, and signs on the land,
 In the wavering earth, and the drouth of the sea—
 But He stands and He knocks, sinner, nearer to thee.

His night-winds but whisper until the day break
 To the Bride, for in slumber her heart is awake:
 He must knock at the sleep where the revellers toss
 With the dint of the nails and the shock of the cross.

Look out at the casement; see how He appears;
 Still weeping for thee all Gethsemane's tears;
 Ere they plait Him earth's thorns, in its solitude crowned,
 With the drops of the night, and the dews of the ground.

Will you wait? Will you slumber until He is gone,
 Till the beam of the timber cry out to the stone;
 Till He shout at thy sepulchre, tear it apart,
 And knock at the dust, who would speak to thy heart?



BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

REJOICE, rejoice, believers !
And let your lights appear ;
The evening is advancing,
The darker night is near.

The Bridegroom is arising ;
And soon will He draw nigh :
Up ! pray, and watch, and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.

See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil ;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.

The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go, meet Him as He cometh,
With Hallelujahs clear.

Oh ! wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Till, in your jubilations,
Ye meet the angel-choir.

The Marriage Feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand ;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory,
The Bridegroom is at hand.

Our hope and expectation,
 O Jesu, now appear,
 Arise, thou Sun so looked for,
 O'er this benighted sphere !

With hearts and hands uplifted,
 We plead, O Lord, to see
 The day of our redemption,
 And ever be with Thee !



BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
 We keep the memory adored,
 And show the death of our dear Lord,
 Until He come.

His fearful drops of agony,
 His life-blood shed for us we see—
 The wine shall tell the mystery,
 Until He come.

Until the trump of God be heard,
 Until the ancient graves be stirred,
 And with the great commanding word,
 The Lord shall come.

O blessed hope, with this elate
 Let not our hearts be desolate,
 But strong in faith, in patience wait,
 Until He come.

CHRIST IS COMING.

CHRIST is coming ! let creation
 Bid her groans and travail cease :
 Let the glorious proclamation
 Hope restore, and faith increase :—
 Maranatha !
 Come Thou blessed Prince of Peace !

Earth can now but tell the story
 Of Thy bitter cross and pain ;
 She shall yet behold Thy glory,
 When Thou comest back to reign :—
 Maranatha !
 Let each heart repeat the strain !

Though once cradled in a manger,
 Oft no pillow but the sod,
 Here an alien and a stranger,
 Mocked of men, disowned of God,—
 All creation
 Yet shall own Thy kingly rod.

Long Thy exiles have been pining,
 Far from rest, and home, and Thee ;
 But, in heavenly vesture shining,
 Soon they shall Thy glory see :—
 Maranatha !
 Haste the joyous jubilee !

With that "blessed hope" before us,
 Let no harp remain unstrung;
 Let the mighty advent-chorus
 Onward roll from tongue to tongue.—
 Maranatha!
 Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

(Maran atha—i. e. the Lord cometh.)



MY lifted eye, without one tear,
 The gathering storm shall see;
 My trembling heart shall own no fear
 While it can trust in Thee.



WHENE'ER thou meet'st a human form
 Less favoured than thine own,
 Remember 'tis thy neighbour worm,
 Thy brother, or thy son.

Oh, pass not, pass not heedlessly,
 Perhaps thou can'st redeem
 The breaking heart from misery;
 Go, share thy lot with him.

BEHOLD THE JUDGE OF MAN APPEAR.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created :
 The Judge of man I see appear,
 On clouds of glory seated.
 The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
 The dead which they contain'd before ;
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

The dead in Christ shall first arise
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding :
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet Him.

But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
 Behold His wrath prevailing ;
 For they shall rise, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing.
 The day of grace is past and gone ;
 Trembling they stand before the throne,
 All unprepared to meet Him.

Great God, what do I see and hear!
 The end of things created:
 The Judge of man I see appear,
 On clouds of glory seated;
 Beneath His cross I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet Him.



O THOU who mournest on thy way,
 With longings for the close of day,
 He walks with thee, that Saviour kind,
 And gently whispers, "Be resign'd;
 Bear up—bear on—the end shall tell
 Thy Lord doth order all things well."



THE baby wept;
 The mother took it from the nurse's arms
 And soothed its grief, and stilled its vain alarms;
 And baby slept.

Again it weeps;
 And God doth take it from the mother's arms,
 From present pain and future unknown harms;
 And baby sleeps.

DIES IRÆ.

DAY of anger, day of wonder,
When the world shall roll asunder,
Quenched in fire and smoke and thunder!

O vast terror, wild heart-rending
Of that hour when earth is ending,
And her jealous Judge descending;

When the trumpet's voice astoundeth,
Through earth's sepulchres reboundeth,
Summons universal soundeth!

Death astonished, nature shaken,
See all creatures, as they waken,
To that dire tribunal taken.

Lo! the Book, where all is hoarded
Not a secret unrecorded:
Every doom is thence awarded.

So the Judge, when He arraigneth,
Every hidden thing explaineth:
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

In that fiery revelation
Where shall I make supplication,
When the just hath scarce salvation?

Fount of Love, dread King supernal,
 Freely giving life eternal,
 Save me from the pains infernal !

This forget not, sweet Life-giver,
 Me Thou camest to deliver :
 Cast me not away for ever !

Seeking me Thy sad life lasted,
 On the cross death's pains were tasted ;
 Let not toil like this be wasted !

God of righteous retribution,
 Grant my sins full absolution
 Ere Thy wrath's last execution !

Lo, I stand with face suffusèd,
 Groaning, in my guilt accusèd ;
 Spare my soul, with sorrow bruised !

By the Magdalene forgiven,
 By the dying robber shriven,
 I too cherish hope of heaven.

Though my prayers are full of failing
 Save me, of Thy grace availing,
 From the pit of endless wailing !

On Thy right a place provide me,
 With Thy chosen sheep beside me :
 From the goats, good Lord, divide me !

When to penal fire are driven
 Those who would not be forgiven,
 Call me with Thy saints to heaven!

Kneeling, crushed in heart, before Thee,
 Sad and suppliant I adore Thee :
 Hear me, save me, I implore Thee!



O! help us, Lord! each hour of need
 Thy heavenly succour give;
 Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
 Each hour on earth we live.
 Oh help us, Saviour! from on high,
 We know no help but Thee;
 Oh! help us so to live and die
 As Thine in heaven to be.



NOW to Him, who loved us, gave us
 Every pledge that love could give,
 Freely shed His Blood to save us,
 Gave His life that we might live:
 Be the kingdom, and dominion,
 And the glory, evermore!

“BE YE THEREFORE READY.”

THE world is very evil ;
 The times are waxing late :
 Be sober and keep vigil ;
 The Judge is at the gate :
 The Judge that comes in mercy,
 The Judge that comes with might,
 To terminate the evil,
 To diadem the right,
 When the just and gentle Monarch
 Shall summon from the tomb,
 Let man, the guilty, tremble,
 For man, the God, shall doom.

Arise, arise, good Christian,
 Let right to wrong succeed ;
 Let penitential sorrow
 To heavenly gladness lead ;
 To the light that hath no evening,
 That knows nor moon nor sun,
 The light so new and golden,
 The light that is but one.

And when the Sole-Begotten
 Shall render up once more
 The Kingdom to the Father,
 Whose own it was before—

Then glory yet unheard of
 Shall shed abroad its ray,
 Resolving all enigmas,
 An endless Sabbath day.

Then, then from his oppressors
 The Hebrew shall go free,
 And celebrate in triumph
 The year of Jubilee ;
 And the sunlit land that recks not
 Of tempest nor of fight,
 Shall fold within its bosom
 Each happy Israelite.

The Home of fadeless splendour,
 Of flowers that fear no thorn,
 Where they shall dwell as children,
 Who here as exiles mourn.
 'Midst power that knows no limit,
 And wisdom free from bound,
 The Beatific Vision
 Shall glad the Saints around :
 The peace of all the faithful,
 The calm of all the blest,
 Inviolatè, unvaried,
 Divinest, sweetest, best.

Yes, peace ! for war is needless—
 And calm, for storm is past—
 And goal from finished labour,
 And anchorage at last.

That peace—but who may claim it ?
 The guileless in their way,
 Who keep the ranks of battle,
 Who mean the thing they say.

The peace that is for Heaven,
 And shall be for the earth :
 The palace that re-echoes
 With festal song and mirth :
 The garden, breathing spices,
 The Paradise on high ;
 Grace beautified to glory,
 Unceasing minstrelsy.

There nothing can be feeble,
 There none can ever mourn,
 There nothing is divided,
 There nothing can be torn :
 'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,
 'Tis peaceless peace below ;
 Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,
 The halls of Zion know.

O happy, holy portion,
 Refection for the blest ;
 True vision of true beauty,
 True cure of the distrest !
 Strive, man, to win that glory ;
 Toil, man, to gain that light ;
 Send hope before to grasp it,
 Till hope be lost in sight

Till Jesus gives the portion
 Those blessed souls to fill,
 The insatiate, yet satisfied,
 The full, yet craving still.



LORD, in Thee I place my trust,
 Thou art my defence and tower;
 Death Thou treadest in the dust,
 O'er my soul he hath no power.
 That I may have part in Thee
 Help and save and comfort me,
 Give me of Thy grace and might,
 Resurrection, life and light.



YON clouds, a mass of sable shade,
 To mortals gazing from below,
 By angels from above surveyed
 With universal sunshine glow.

PAUL TO THE LORD'S ANOINTED.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
 Great David's greater Son ;
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free,
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

He comes with saccour speedy,
 To those who suffer wrong,
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong ;
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
 Were precious in His sight.

He shall descend like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth ;
 And love and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in His path to birth :
 Before Him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go ;
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

To Him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end:
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His Name shall stand for ever:
 That Name to us is Love.



EPITAPH ON LUTHER'S DAUGHTER.

I Luther's daughter Magdalen,
 Here slumber with the blest;
 Upon this bed I lay my head,
 And take my quiet rest.
 I was a child of death on earth,
 In sin my life was given:
 But on the tree Christ died for me,
 And now I live in heaven.



Miscellaneous.

COME UNTO ME.

ART thou weary ? art thou languid ?
 Art thou sore distrest ?
 "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
 Be at rest !"

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 If He be my Guide ?
 "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
 And His side !"

Is there diadem, as monarch,
 That His brow adorns ?
 "Yea, a crown in very surety,
 But of thorns !"

If I find Him, if I follow,
 What His guerdon here ?
 "Many a sorrow, many a labour,
 Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last ?
 "Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
 Jordan past !"

If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?
 "Not till earth, and not till heaven,
 Pass away!"

Tending, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is He sure to bless?
 "Angels, martyrs, prophets, pilgrims,
 Answer, Yes."



PILGRIM to a world of gladness,
 Christian, though thy lot be low,
 Sorely tried with sin and sadness,
 Take thy staff and onward go.

Though thou suffer cold and hunger,
 Pain and peril, want and woe,
 Bear thy griefs a little longer,
 Gird thy loins and onward go.

Death is but a dreamless slumber;
 God will heavenly joys bestow—
 Joys that angels cannot number;
 Onward, pilgrim—onward go.

NOW IS THE DAY OF SALVATION.

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun;
 Wisdom, if you still despise,
 Harder is it to be won.

Hasten, mercy to implore;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun;
 Lest thy season should be o'er,
 Ere this evening's stage be run.

Hasten, sinner, to return;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun;
 Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
 Ere salvation's work is done.

Hasten, sinner, to be blest;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun;
 Lest perdition thee arrest,
 Ere the morrow is begun.



ARISE! for the day is passing,
 While you lie dreaming on;
 Your brothers are cased in armour,
 And forth to the fight are gone;
 Your place in the ranks awaits you;
 Each man has a part to play;
 The past and the future are nothing
 In the face of the stern to-day.

WHY WILL YE DIE.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Maker, asks you why :
 God who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live :
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of His own hands :
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross His love, and die ?

Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God your Saviour, asks you why :
 He, who did your souls retrieve,
 Died himself that ye might live.
 Will you let Him die in vain ?
 Crucify your Lord again ?
 Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why,
 Will ye slight His grace and die ?

Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why :
 He who all your lives hath strove,
 Woo'd you to embrace His love.
 Will ye not His grace receive ?
 Will ye still refuse to live ?
 O, ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will ye for ever die ?

FAINT NOT CHRISTIAN.

F AINT not, Christian ! though the road,
 Leading to thy blest abode
 Darksome be, and dangerous too :
 Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee through.

Faint not, Christian ! though in rage
 Satan would thy soul engage ;
 Gird on faith's anointed shield,—
 Bear it to the battle-field.

Faint not, Christian ! though the world
 Hath its hostile flag unfurled :
 Hold the cross of Jesus fast ;
 Thou shalt overcome at last.

Faint not, Christian ! though within
 There's a heart so prone to sin ;
 Christ, the Lord, is over all ;
 He'll not suffer thee to fall.

Faint not, Christian ! Jesus near
 Soon in glory will appear ;
 And His love will then bestow
 Power to conquer every foe.

Faint not, Christian ! look on high ;
 See the harpers in the sky :
 Patient wait, and thou wilt join—
 Chant with them of love divine.

ONWARD.

OFT in sorrow, oft in woe,
 Onward, Christian, onward go !
 Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
 Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

Onward, Christian, onward go !
 Join the war and face the foe :
 Will you flee in danger's hour ?
 Know you not your Captain's power ?

Let your drooping heart be glad ;
 March, in heavenly armour clad ;
 Fight ! nor think the battle long ;
 Soon shall vict'ry tune your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye ;
 Soon shall every tear be dry :
 Let not fears your course impede ;
 Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then to battle move !
 More than conqu'ror you shall prove ;
 Though opposed by many a foe,
 Christian soldier, onward go !



PRESS FORWARD.

PRESS forward and fear not ; the billows may roll,
 But the power of Jesus their rage can control ;
 Though waves rise in anger, their tumults shall cease,
 One word of His bidding shall hush them to peace.

Press forward and fear not ; though trial be near,
 The Lord is our refuge—whom then shall we fear ?
 His staff is our comfort, our safe-guard His rod ;
 Then let us be steadfast and trust in our God.

Press forward and fear not ; be strong in the Lord,
 In the power of His promise, the truth of His word ;
 Through the sea and the desert our pathway may tend,
 But He who hath saved us will save to the end.

Press forward and fear not ; we'll speed on our way ;
 Why should we e'er shrink from our path in dismay ?
 We tread but the road which our Leader has trod ;
 Then let us press forward, and trust in our God.



O LORD Jesus, let me not
 'Mid the ravening wolves e'er fall,
 Help me as a shepherd ought,
 That I may escape them all ;
 Bear me homeward in Thy breast.
 To Thy fold of endless rest.

BREAST THE WAVE, CHRISTIAN.

BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is strongest ;
 Watch for day, Christian, when night is longest ;
 Onward and onward still be thine endeavour ;
 The rest that remaineth, endureth for ever.

Fight the fight, Christian ; Jesus is o'er thee ;
 Run the race, Christian ; heaven is before thee ;
 He who hath promised faltereth never ;
 Oh, trust in the Love that endureth forever.

Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth ;
 Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth :
 Nothing thy soul from the Saviour shall sever ;
 Soon shalt thou mount upward to praise Him forever.



BE *ready*—many fall around—
 Our loved ones disappear ;
 We know not when our call may come,
 Nor should we wait in fear :
If ready, we can calmly rest ;
Living or dying, we are blest !

PUT ON THE WHOLE ARMOUR OF GOD.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His Eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued ;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God :

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may behold your victory won,
And stand complete at last.



EVERY day hath toil and trouble,
Every heart hath care ;
Meekly bear thine own full measure,
And thy brother's share.

STRIVE TO OBTAIN AN INCORRUPTIBLE CROWN.

STRIVE, when thou art call'd of God,
 When He draws thee by His grace,
 Strive to cast away the load
 That would clog thee in the race !

Fight, though it may cost thy life,
 Storm the kingdom, but prevail,
 Let not Satan's fiercest strife
 Make thee, warrior, faint or quail.

Wrestle, till through every vein
 Love and strength are glowing warm,
 Love, that can the world disdain,—
 Half-love will not bide the storm.

Wrestle, with strong prayers and cries,
 Think no time too much to spend,
 Though the night be pass'd in sighs,
 Though all day thy voice ascend.

Hast thou won the pearl of price,
 Think not thou hast reach'd the goal,
 Conquer'd every sin and vice
 That had power to harm thy soul.

Gaze with mingled joy and fear*
 On the refuge thou hast found ;
 Know, while yet we linger here
 Perils ever hem us round.

Art thou faithful? Then oppose
 Sin and wrong with all thy might;
 Care not how the tempest blows,
 Only care to win the fight.

Art thou faithful? Wake and watch,
 Love with all thy heart Christ's ways,
 Seek not transient ease to snatch,
 Look not for reward or praise.

Art thou faithful? Stand apart
 From all wordly hope and pleasure,
 Yonder fix your hopes and heart,
 On the heaven where lies our treasure.

Soldiers of the Cross, be strong,
 Watch and war 'mid fear and pain,
 Daily conquering woe and wrong,
 Till our King o'er earth shall reign!



WHEN we cannot see our way,
 Let us trust and still obey;
 He who bids us forward go,
 Cannot fail the way to show.



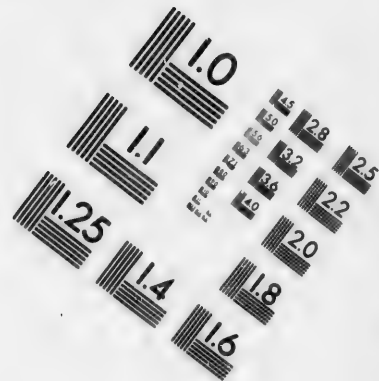
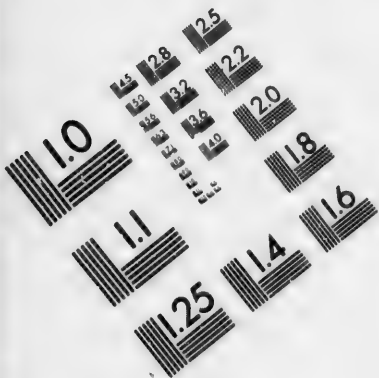
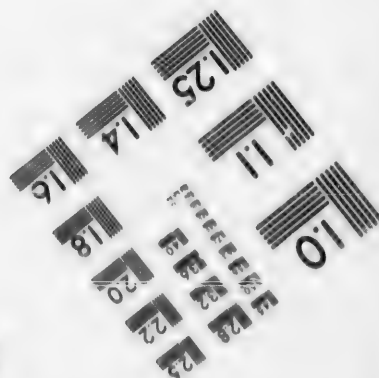
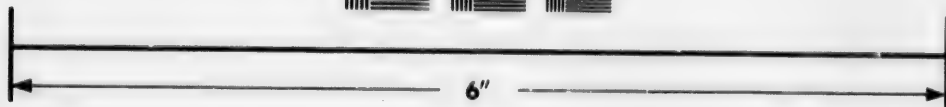
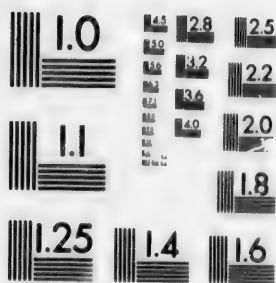


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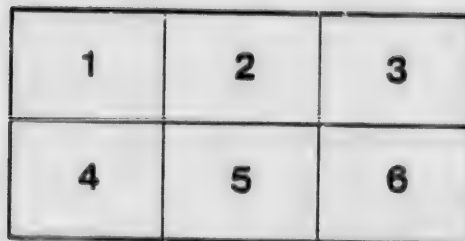
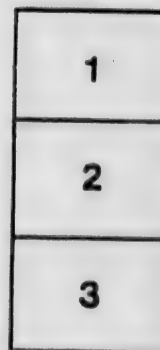
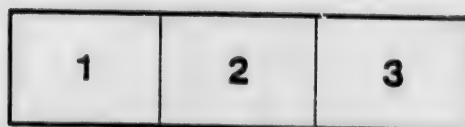
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HAPPY NEW YEAR

THE

Carrier's Poem.

DEDICATED TO

THE PATRONS

OF

The Ottawa Citizen,

NEW YEAR'S DAY, JANUARY!

1857

PRAYER.

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING."

GO, when the morning shineth,
 Go, when the noon is bright,
 Go, when the eve declineth,
 Go, in the hush of night ;
 Go, with pure mind and feeling
 Cast every fear away,
 And in thy chamber kneeling,
 Do thou in secret pray.

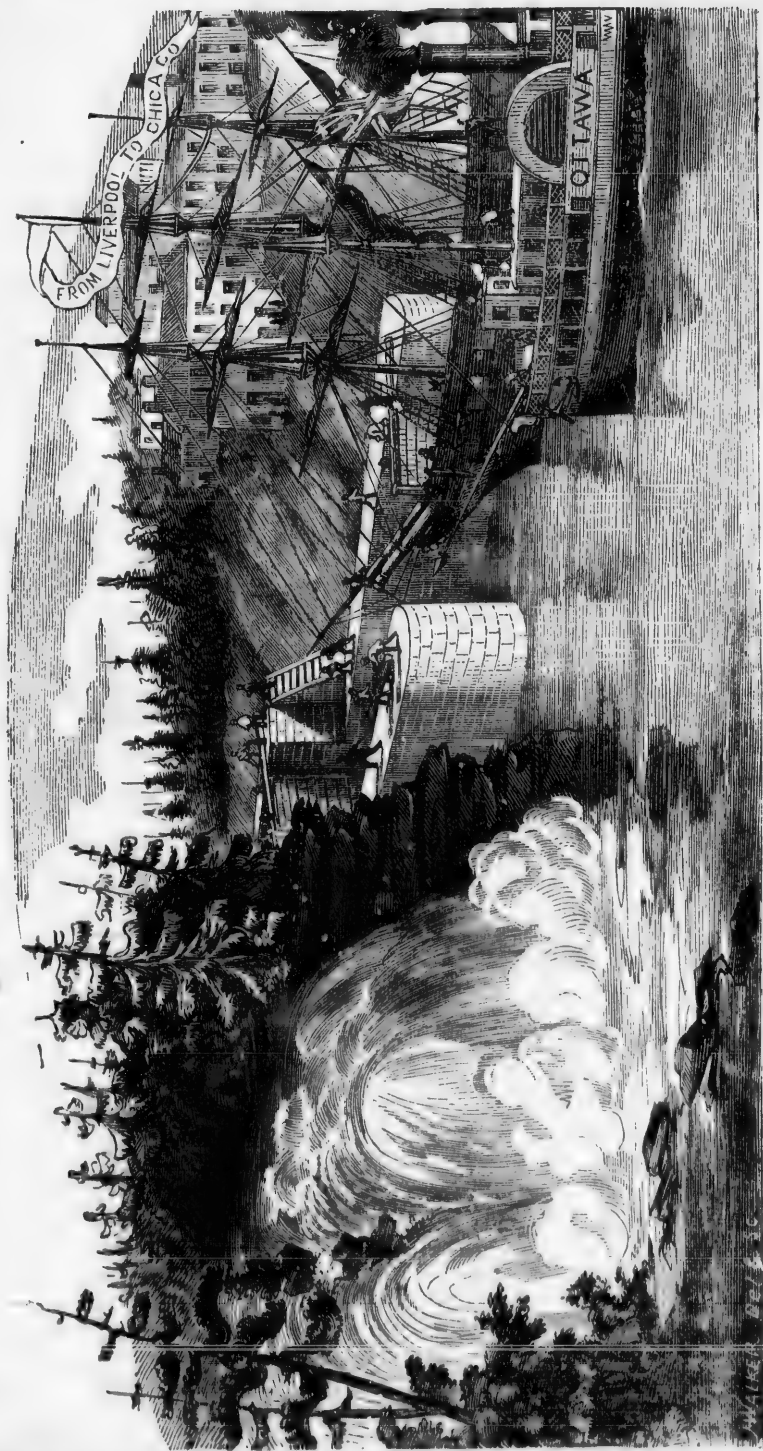
Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee,
 Pray too for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be ;
 Then for thyself in meekness
 A blessing humbly claim,
 And link with each petition
 Thy great Redeemer's name.

But if 'tis e'er denied thee
 In solitude to pray,—
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
 When friends are round thy way ;
 E'en then the silent breathing,
 The spirit raised above,
 Will reach the Throne of glory,
 Of mercy, truth and love.

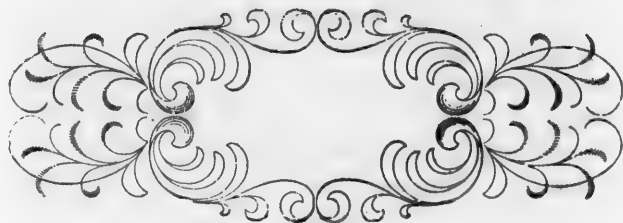


The Carrier's Poem.





View of the Horse-Shoe Falls, and the Entrance to the projected Canal at the Chats, Ottawa river. — (Combined.)



The Carrier's Paem



I come not to sadden your hour of mirth,
I come not to darken the social hearth,
With records of bloodshed, of horror, and crime,
Which have dimmed our horizon time after time;
I come not your moments of joy to beguile
With falsehood, close veiled by a hypocrite smile;
I come not to scatter from slander's vile tongue
Dissension and discord kind neighbours among.

On, on, forever on, with silent tread,
Through the dim mansions of the lonely dead—
Along each crowded way—in every view—
Where rolls the wave—where looms the distant blue—
Deep 'mong those vaulted depths where darkness reigns—
Wide o'er the bosom of earth's sunny plains—
Through space unbounded—e'en to every spot
Where life and being are and where they're not,
Oh! Time, thou movest fearless on thy way,
With naught thy giant, viewless power to stay.

Within thy mighty grasp revolving years,
Each burdened with a load of smiles and tears,
In spectre form appear ; but soon return,
To rest forever in oblivion's urn.
E'en now, while as I am, a requiem sound
Breaks the deep stillness of the night around :
Hark ! 'tis a solemn sound—a lonely knell ;
It echoes back in truth that word—" FAREWELL."

Old year ! it was *thy* last farewell
Which thus with gentle, trembling swell,
I heard ; and as I wander back
O'er the wide waste of mem'ry's track,
Full many a change, in every clime,
I see since thou wert in thy prime.
Ah, yes ;—when in thy cradle-bed
The hosts of war to battle led,
Rush'd furious on through dust and smoke
And cannon's roar and sabre-stroke ;—
Then, horse and rider side by side,
Their lances deep with crimson dyed,
Stagg'ring and reeling on the plain,
Fell lifeless, ne'er to rise again ;
While ever and anon on high
Uprose the screaming buzzard's cry.

That scene is changed—the glittering blade
In its deep scabbard fold is laid ;
The champing steed on slumber's breast
Sinks to his evening's quiet rest ;
The aged warrior now once more
Sits by his ancient cabin door,
To tell of deeds by valor won,
Since first his labours were begun.
Thank God ! o'er Briton's sea gitt Isle,
Triumphant Peace, with Heavenly smile,
Extends her reign ; while through each glade
Floats, free from either stain or shade,
A flag which has, and e'er will be,
The champion of true Liberty.

Home of the Cæsars! glorious once in arms;
 Nurseling of science! where are now the charms
 Which crowned thy hills—which graced thy sunny vales—
 Which decked thy shores, and breathed among thy gales?
 Sad thought! the glory of thy name is past—
 A tyrant's fetters now are o'er thee cast.
 The laureate wreaths which erst thy fathers bore
 In *Freedom's* cause, now twine for thee no more—
 Thy polished steel has crumbled in its rust—
 Thy once proud eagle now is chained to dust;
 No more thy war-horse paws the battle plain—
 Fall'n is each temple, prostrate every fane—
 No more thy daughters sing of conquests won,
 Nor tell the mighty deeds their fathers done:
 But still there slumbers in Italia's breast
 A fire which yet shall heave her bosom's crest,
 Those flames shall kindle up her mould'ring dust,
 And from her earth-bound steel shall purge the rust,
 Whose dazzling light shall gleam o'er burnish'd blades,
 And through each pass lead on heroic shades.

Woe to the tyrant *then*.

Yes, Austria boast! but a voice o'er the sea
 Speaks in trumpet toned accents, thou Satrap, to thee!
 Inspired is that voice—the heavenly lyre,
 On which prophesied their language of fire;
 And it says, "The tyrant's dust shall be laid,
 And shall fall in ruin as others have made;
 The crush'd heart shall rise from the depths of despair—
 The arrows of death rouse the beast from his lair;
 On the wings of the storm, over mountain and sea,
 Shall float the glad tidings—*Italia is free.*"

Land of the "Stars and Stripes," I fain would leave
 Thy tale for nobler, worthier pens, than mine:
 A kindred feeling makes my spirit grieve
 When called upon to say *such deeds are thine*.
 It cannot be that thou art void of light—
 Those same effulgences in Heaven smile
 Upon thy landscape, to dispel the night
 Of error, as look down on Britain's Isle.

Yet she has thrown the manacles aside,
Which bound a fellow creature in their thrall;
The gates of freedom she has opened wide,
And paved the way to Liberty for all.

Then why not thou?—far brighter stars, I ween,
Are centered in thy bosom's inmost core
Than on thy banner's floating folds are seen,
Or could be found among thy jewell'd ore.

Strike down, Columbia! strike thy motto down—
Disgrace the name of "Liberty" no more;
Dispel the nation's world-wide bitter frown—
Let Freedom reign, *in truth*, from shore to shore.

Our Native land! with heart and hand,
We strike a chord for thee,
Whose every note shall wildly float,
And *tell* that we are free.

We'll sound it wide o'er land and tide,
From Freedom's broad domain
To Europe's thrones, where crumbled bones
Speak out that tyrants reign;

From the deep sea-beds of the icy realm,
O'er many a fertile plain,
'Mong the wavy tops of the ash and elm,
To where ships are steered by a veering helm
Through lakes in a mighty chain;

From the trackless bourn of that distant world,
Where the sun's bright rays decline,
To where morning light by the waves is curled,
And St. Lawrence onward is swiftly whirled
To the ocean's rolling brine,—

Is the Land we love,—'tis the land of Peace!
Tho' never at duty's call
Did her heart's allegiance to honour cease,
Or her rights to a foeman e'er release,
Or yield to a stranger's thrall.

It is Freedom's Land! on her sacred soil
The foot of slave ne'er trod!
From the galling chain of oppression's toil
Would her free-born spirit *at once* recoil,
And sweep it from her soil.

'Tis a Land of Bibles! the treasured ore
Of many thousand Kings
Would avail as naught, from her bosom's core
To erase that current of deathless love
Which flows from Heav'nly springs.

'Tis a Land of Laws! whose eternal source
Is found in Wisdom's way;
Which dispense to all with impartial force,
But with strength and power, the surest course
Their troubles to allay.

'Tis a Land of Science! the workshop of space,
To each remotest bound,
With the mighty truths which they embrace,
Of what sort they are, or where'er their place,
With her are truly found.

'Tis a Land of Arts! in her iron grasp
The rocky bars give way,
And the mountain depths their gates unhasp,
And their treasured coffers of wealth unclasp,
To meet the rising day.

'Tis a Land of Schools! to dispel that night
Which long in chains has bound
The immortal mind, is her chief delight,
And her strength goes forth with redoubled might
Each year that circles 'round.

Stranger! whate'er thy name or race,
Where'er may be thy dwelling place,—
Whether on Europe's classic soil,
Doomed by indignant fate to toil;
Or nursed on splendour's downy bed,
With countless minions round thee spread;

Or if, perchance, where zephyr's bland,
With balmy breath o'er Asia's land,
Float softly 'neath cereulian skies,
'Mong gems and flowers and soft blue eyes,—
Come here! come o'er the dark blue sea :
This happy land has charms for thee.
Rich fields now spread their verdure round,
While far and wide is heard the sound
Of bleating flocks and lowing herds,
And mellow notes of chirping birds.
A mighty forest yet remains,
Wide spreading o'er her fertile plains,
Whose wavy top awaits that breeze
Which over many distant seas
Shall waft it from its native soil,
A rich reward for Labor's toil.
A thousand fertile vales expand
Their deep luxuriance o'er the land,
Where yet shall gleam from shore to shore
The gifts of Autumn's golden store.
Broad rivers through her valleys roam,
To meet their far-off ocean home,
And bear to every distant zone
The products of her clime alone.
Within her bosom's rocky core,
E'en to its surface, scattered o'er,
Lie slumbering in their beds untold
Rich mines of iron, lead and gold.
The rolling Car, with light'ning force,
Now whirls along its iron course,
Beside her banks, through hill and vale,
Where once the red man led the trail.
Vast Lakes, Canals and Rivers wide,
Where mighty crafts at peace may ride,
Extend along her broad domains,
An endless length, in endless chains ;
While trampling hoofs and pond'rous loads
Meet on her great Macadam'd roads,—

That solid base, which sure must be
Her passport to prosperity :
Where flow her Rivers and her Rills,—
Extend her Factories and her Mills,
Whose constant dash and humming roar,
Resounded, roll from shore to shore ;
While ever on,—by night—by day,
O'er hills and plains and streams away,
The Lightning, from its fastness torn,
Chained to the wire, of venom shorn,
A herald is, the thoughts of man,
His fortunes and his fate to scan.
Yes, Stranger, come ! but leave behind
The errors of a prostrate mind,—
The relics of that ancient time,
When wrong was just, and right a crime.
Leave thou !—we ask no heart to rear
Our columns through the heaven's high air
Which in its core may tinctured be
With mark or stain of Bigotry.

Thus of the past. Turn now with me,
And in the future let us see
What yet remains : no paltry line
Our rightful limits can define.
Think not, Canadians ! think no more
As you have always thought before,
Those narrow bounds, from Georgian Bay
To where St. Lawrence rolls away,
Your lines are set. No, no,—that space
Contains within its small embrace,
Including lakes and streams and isles,
About three hundred thousand miles
In square extent : but those are not
Our bounds *alone* ; not e'en a jot
Of such as fill our rightful claim,
And which should bear our Nation's name :

Four million miles, square measure, yet
Are our's, and which we're bound to get!
From Hudson's Bay, through beds of ore,
To wild Pacific's ocean-shore,
A region vast, with shady bowers,
And prairie plains, and blooming flowers,
And streams whose sparkling sands unfold
Her countless mines of purest gold;
Where, unalloyed, in solid blocks,
Is copper chisell'd from the rocks,
And coal in mighty beds is found
Protruding e'en above the ground,
And min'ral tar, and ivory too,
And gems of every shade and hue.
Unmeasured yet those wide domains,—
Unbroken Nature still remains
Indulgent there, at our command,
To yield in truth this mighty land.
Rise then from slumber's downy bed,
Canadians! ye who at our head
Are placed, to guide through future time
Our stately bark to realms sublime.
Behold! deep through our forest's shade
That great highway which God has made,—
The OTTAWA!—whose basin wide
Embraces worlds on either side,—
Whose waters roll from sea to sea,
One vast, unchecked immensity!
Gaze for a moment on that plan
Which Heaven, propitious, made for man,
To elevate from Nature's birth
Our Land, to be the first of Earth!
Mark well, four million miles and o'er
Are ours, as I have said before,
While to the vast Atlantic main
Directly through this treasured plain,
With mighty sweep and depth profound,
The Ottawa's proud waves are bound;
Designed by Heaven, without a doubt,
To be the only high-way route
By which her fruits and golden ore
Shall float to every distant shore.
Would you behold vast cities rise
High peering through the azure skies;
Or gaze upon a waving store
Of golden grain, like which before

The world ne'er saw?—would you delight
In guarding well our sacred right?
Then open out from rocky thrall
By one continued SHIP CANAL
Our noble stream, from Georgian Bay
Down through her shoals and sands away
To where our City stretches wide
Her giant arms on every side.
Nay more, to guard from winter's grasp,
When keels are bound in icy clasp,
And nature sleeps in still repose
Imbedded deep by drifting snows,
Make *that* which has and e'er will be
The herald of prosperity:
Yes, e'en from Huron's rolling shore
To where the Chaudiere's thund'ring roar
Resounds, erect with high-born pride,
A RAILROAD, by our River's side.
Ah! *then* the forest's nodding brow
To man's strong arm would quickly bow;
Each valley then with herbage green,
And Autumn-fruits of golden sheen,
Would sweetly bloom from side to side
In all the glow of beauty's pride;—
Where *now* the ivy clothes the ground,
With Nature's wilderness around,
Vast Cities then would rise to view
Far in the distant azure blue.
No longer then would Britons roam
Through savage lands to find a home,
But gathered here from distant isles,
And scattered through four million miles,
O'er which would float from sea to sea
That spotless banner of the free,
Which over every land and wave
Has dared the tyrant's threat to brave,—
Might cherish then that cherish'd zeal
Which they have e'er been won't to feel
For Gospel Law and Gospel Truth
E'en from the earliest hours of youth.
Our City then would claim her right
Not by the partial rule of Might,
But by that Law, which, crush'd to earth
Will rise again, in brighter birth,
To be in every conflict's van
The champion and the friend of man.

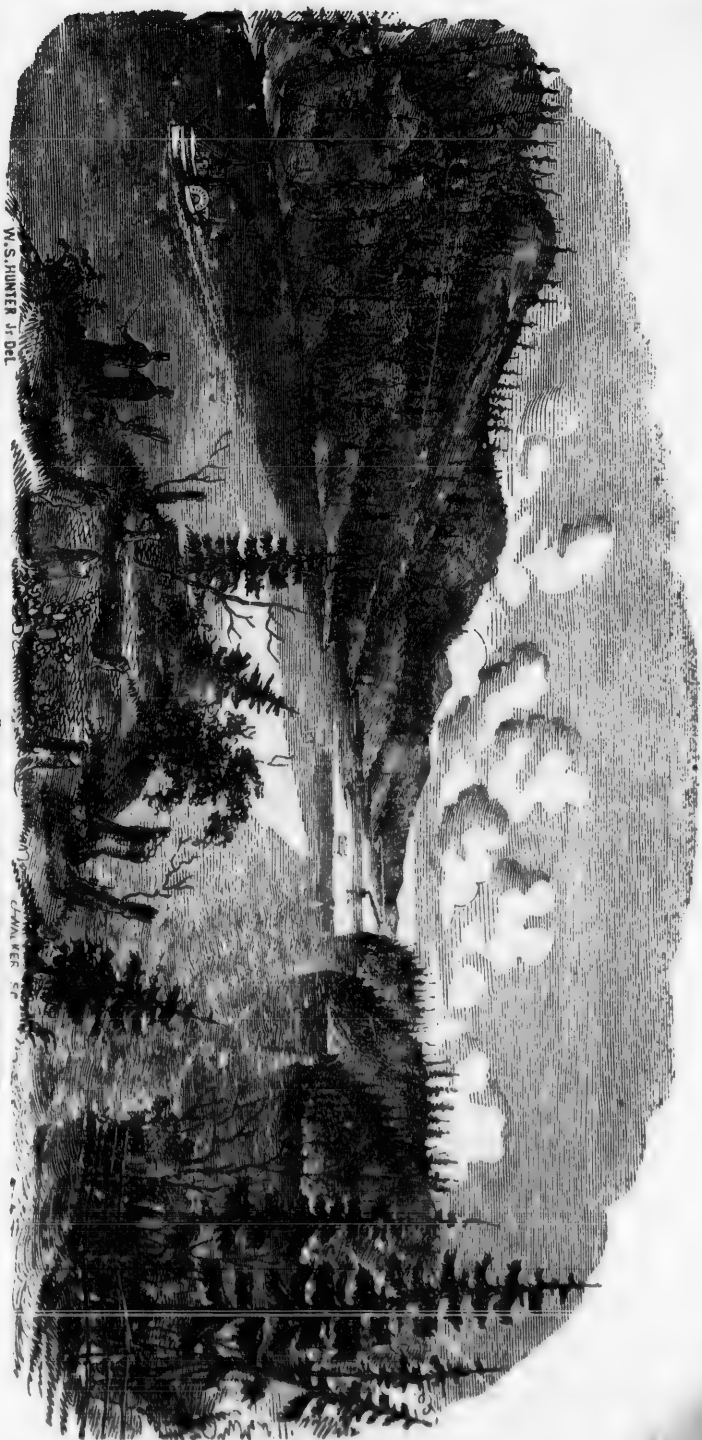
Gaze on her noble River! ye
Who claim the shield of *Right* to be,—
Gaze on her mighty frowning steeps
Which rise to heaven like castle-keeps,
And which amid the battle cry
Could all the powers of *earth* defy,—
Gaze on her *iron chariots* bound
With lightning speed along the ground,—
Behold her site, by Wisdom laid,
The centre of our Nation's trade,
And say, without a blush of shame,
Who e'er thou art or what thy name,
That OTTAWA was not designed,
By every thing in Reason's mind,
To be that happy haven blest
Where Parliament at last shall rest
For ever and for ever more
From wand'ring on a hostile shore.

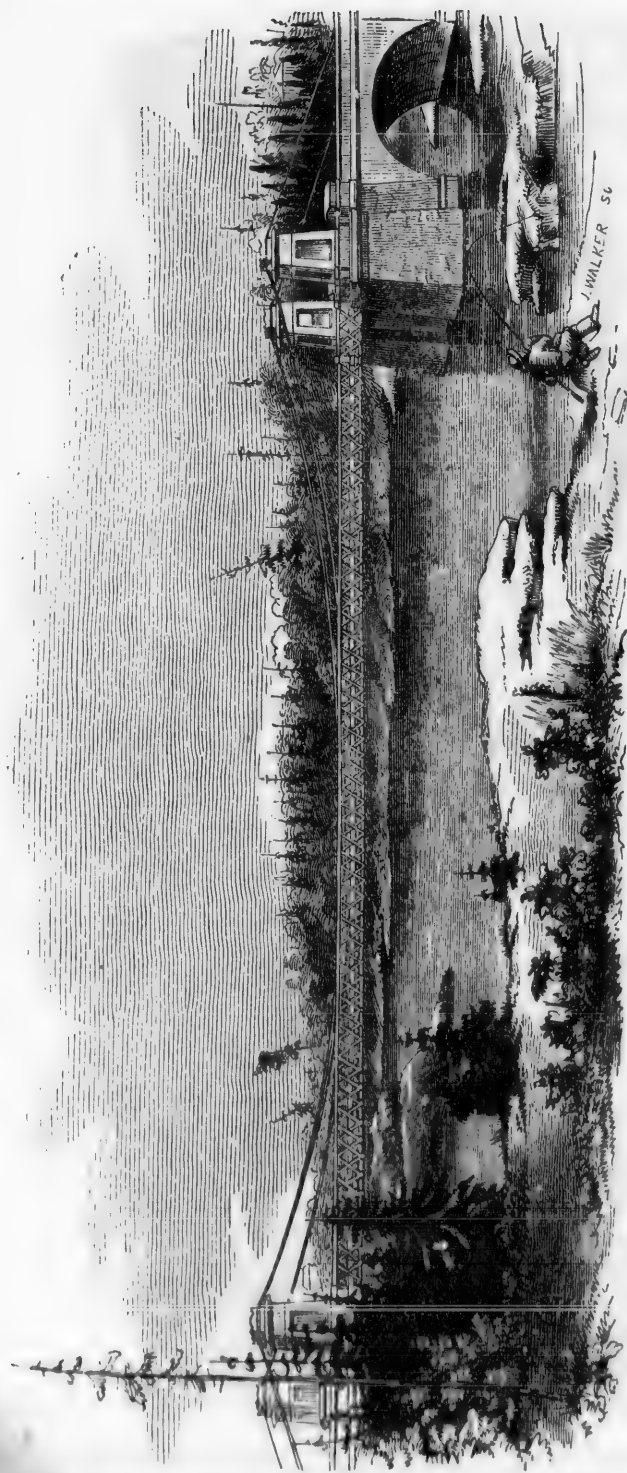
May Peace, throughout the boundless years of time,
Triumphant reign in every land and clime;
May high-born Truth and righteous Law prevail
O'er all the world: May naught *our* bark assail,
To blast its progress, to revile its name,
Or stay its progress to the shores of fame.

Our Friends! our Patrons! ye, the tried and true,
To whom a higher meed than ours is due,
For whom these numbers, feeble in each line,
With no pretension to the *Heavenly nine*,
Are now essayed,—through many a rolling year,
Without a grief, a shadow, or a tear,
May you survive, and may your every plan
Be for the welfare and the peace of man;
May healthful joy attend you all the while,
And Fortune greet you ever with her smile.



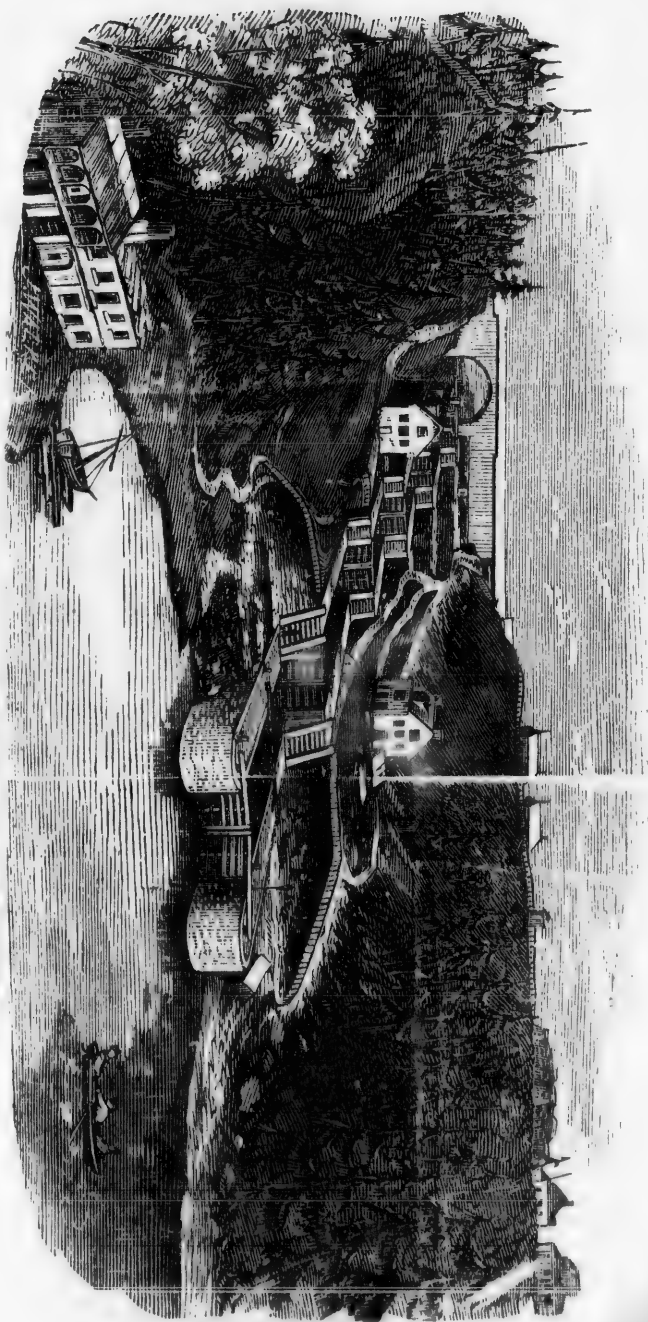
W.S. HUNTER JR. DEL.
View of Deep River (part of the Quaww) taken from Collo's island, near the foot of the Des Jonction Falls.

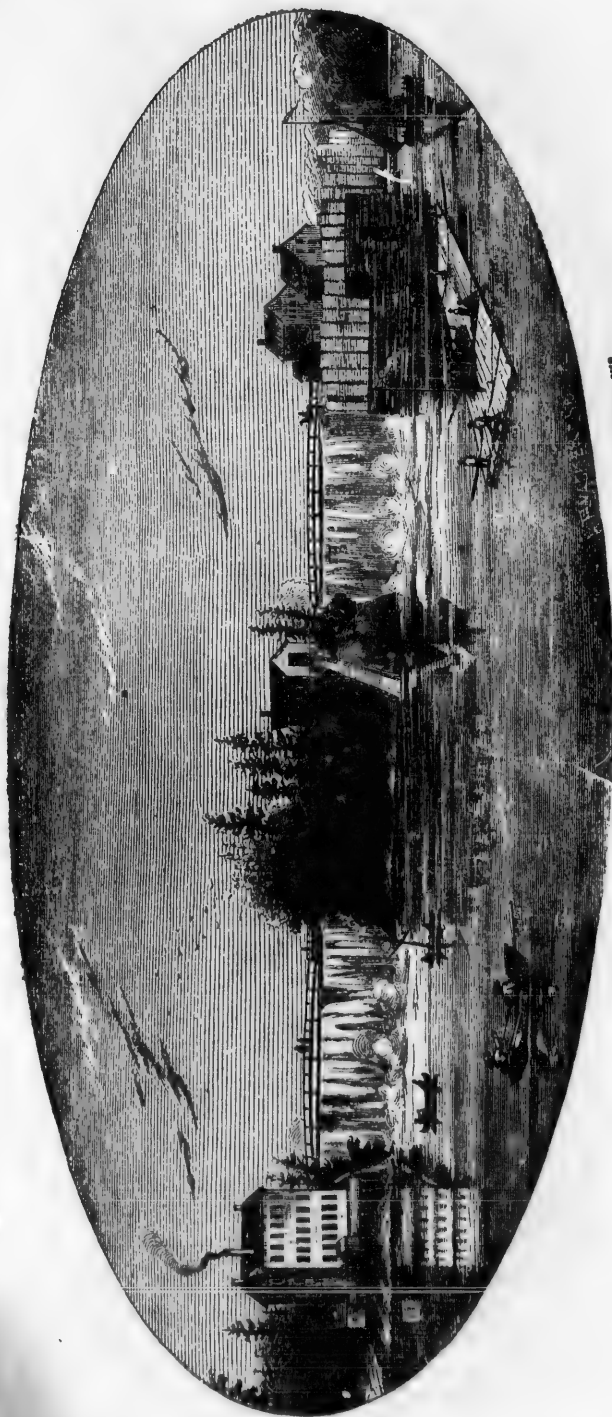




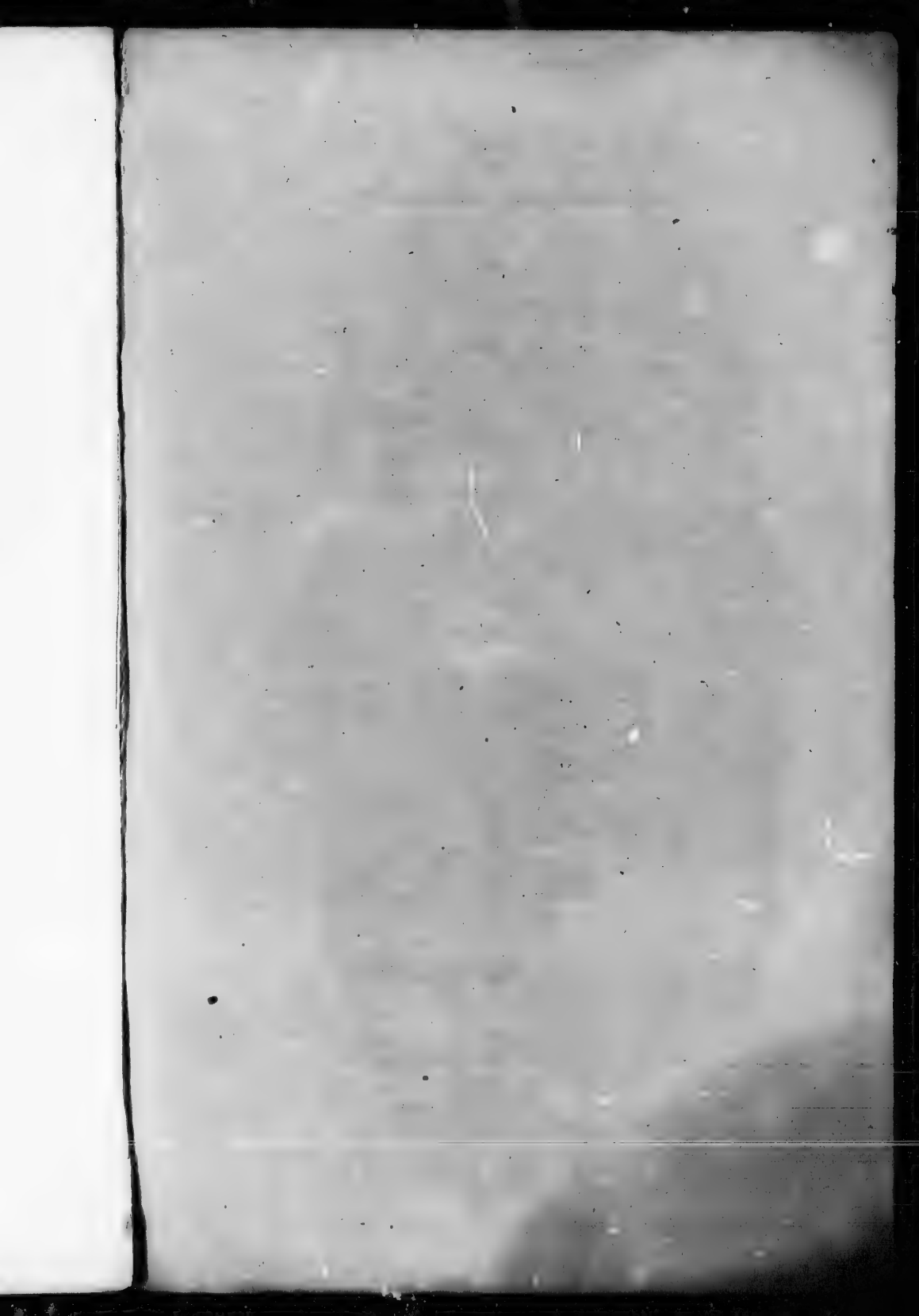
View of the Union Suspension Bridge over the Ottawa river below the Chaudiere Falls, near the City of Ottawa.

View of the Locks of the Rideau Canal at its junction with the Ottawa river, at the City of Ottawa.





View of the Falls of the Rideau River at New Edinburgh, near the City of Ottawa.



HENRY MORRIS,

BOOK-BINDER AND STATIONER,

CENTRAL OTTAWA.

His Stock consists, in part, of the following:—

Papers,

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Drawing Materials,

Reeve's Oil and Water Colours, Drawing Pencils, Crow Quills, Sable and Camel Hair Brushes, Stumps, Crayon Holders, Porcelain Pallettes, Crayon Paper and Board, Bristol Board, India Ink, Chalks of all colours, Monochromatic Board, Drawing Paper, Continuous Drawing Paper, Mouth Glue, Drawing Pins, Tracing Paper, Tracing Cloth, Mapping Pens, Drawing Ink.

Miscellaneous Stationery,

Gold Pens, warranted the very best quality; Gillo's, Mitchell's, Perry's and Lowe's Steel Pens, Quills; Black and Red Lead Pencils; Sealing Wax, Wafers, Mucilage; Ready Reference Files, Letter Clips, Mitchell & Cowell's Letter Clips; Visiting Cards, Mourning do., Wedding Cards; Copying Presses, Ritchie's and American make; Flat Brushes, Ivory Silver mounted Propelling Pencils, Roger's Pen Knives, Erasing Knives, India Rubber (white and black) Tortois Shell Card Cases; Letter Balances, Paper Studs, Wax Taper and Stands, Paper Weights, Damping Balls for Copying Presses; Porcelain Slates; Envelope and Bill Head Cases, Ivory and Bone Folders; Draper's Air-tight Ink Stands, Whitney's do., China Fountain do., Siliman's do.; Wax Matches, Elastic Bands, Native India Rubber, Toy Colours, Wafer Stamps, Metallic Mem. Books, Bill Cases, Red Ink Tubes, Date Cases, Red Tape, Silk Taste, Stephen's, Perry's and Todd's Writing Inks, Marking Ink, Duplicating Impression Paper, Pencil Leads, Pen Racks, Writing Desks, Writing Table Trays, Parallel Rulers, Ebony Rulers (round and flat), Oil Paper, Perforated Board, Ink Powders, Gum Tickets, Ivory Tablets, Green's Ink Eraser, Writing Parchment, Pounce, Book Rests, Tin Paper-folders, Copy Books, Slates, Tissue Paper, Glazed Coloured Paper, Gold and Silver Paper (embossed and plain), Bottle Wax, Enamelled Board for Printing, Pen Holders in great variety; Interest Tables, Tables of Advance, Ready-Reckoners, Portfolios, Tablet Blotting Paper.

A very large stock of WHITE and BUFF ENVELOPES.

A beautiful assortment of Pencil & Crayon *Studies*, comprising Heads, Flowers, Animals, Landscapes, &c.

Almanacs,

McLear's, Canadian Farmers', Starke's Pocket Almanac, Starke's Montreal Sheet Calendar.

DIARIES for 1857.

The usual Assortment of Account Books on hand or made to order. Paper Ruling and Book-Binding in all their branches.

REDEMPTION.

ALL-GLORIOUS GOD.

ALL-glorious God, what hymns of praise
 Shall our transported voices raise :
 What ardent zeal and love are due,
 While Heaven stands open to our view,

Once we were fallen, and O how low !
 Just on the brink of endless woe :
 When Jesus, from the realms above,
 Borne on the wings of boundless love,

Scatter'd the shades of death and night,
 And spread around His heavenly light :
 By Him what wondrous love is shown
 To souls impoverish'd and undone.

He shows, beyond these mortal shores,
 A bright inheritance as ours ;
 Where saints in light our coming wait
 To share their holy, happy state.





LOVE.

GOD IS LOVE.

GOD is love: His mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove;
 Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

Death and change are busy ever,
 Man decays, and ages move;
 But His mercy waneth never;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

Even the hour that darkness seemeth
 Will His changeless goodness prove;
 From the mist His brightness streameth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above;
 Every where His glory shineth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.



LORD! it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint;
 Yet I love Thee and adore!
 Oh! for grace to love Thee more!

LOVE TO GOD.

I WOULD love Thee, God and Father !
 I My Redeemer, and my King !
 I would love Thee ; for, without Thee,
 Life is but a bitter thing.

I would love Thee ; every blessing
 Flows to me from out Thy throne ;
 I would love Thee—he who loves Thee
 Never feels himself alone.

I would love Thee ; look upon me,
 Ever guide me with Thine eye :
 I would love Thee ; if not nourished
 By Thy love, my soul would die.

I would love Thee ; may Thy brightness
 Dazzle my rejoicing eyes !
 I would love Thee ; may Thy goodness
 Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.

I would love Thee, I have vowed it ;
 On Thy love my heart is set :
 While I love Thee, I will never
 My Redeemer's blood forget.



LOVE TO CHRIST.

I WILL love Thee, all my treasure!
 I will love Thee, all my strength!
 I will love Thee without measure,
 And will love Thee right at length.
 Oh! I will love Thee, Light Divine,
 Till I die and find Thee mine!

Alas! that I so lately knew Thee—
 Thee, so worthy of the best:
 Nor had sooner turned to view Thee—
 Truest Good, and only Rest!
 The more I love, I mourn the more
 That I did not love before!

Far I ran, and wander'd blindly,
 Seeking some created light;
 Then I sought, but I could not find Thee—
 I had wandered from Thee quite;
 Until at last Thou art made known
 Through Thy seeking, not my own!

I will praise Thee, Sun of Glory!
 For Thy beams have gladness brought.
 I will praise Thee, will adore Thee,
 For the light I vainly sought;
 Will praise Thee that Thy words so blest
 Spake my sin-sick soul to rest!

In Thy footsteps now uphold me,
 That I stumble not nor stray.
 When the narrow way is told me,
 Never let me ling'ring stay.
 But come my weary soul to cheer,
 Shine, Eternal Sunbeam, here !

Be my heart more warmly glowing ;
 Sweet and calm the tears I shed ;
 And its love, its ardor showing,
 Let my spirit onward tread.
 Still near to Thee, and nearer still,
 Draw this heart, this mind, this will.

I will love, in joy and sorrow !
 Crowning joy ! will love Thee well,
 I will love to-day, to-morrow,
 While I in this body dwell !
 Oh ! I will love Thee, Light Divine,
 Till I die and find Thee mine !



O, WHEN my God, my glory, brings
 His white and holy train
 Unto those clear and living springs
 Whence comes no stain !
 Where all is light, and flowers, and fruit,
 And joy, and rest—
 Make me amongst them, 'tis my suit !
 The last one and the least.

PRAISE.

SONGS OF PRAISE.

SONGS of praise the angels sang :
 S Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
 When Jehovah's work begun,
 When He spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
 When the Prince of Peace was born ;
 Songs of praise arose, when He
 Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away ;
 Songs of praise shall crown that day :
 God will make new heavens and earth ;
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And shall man alone be dumb,
 Till that glorious Kingdom come ?
 No ; the Church delights to raise
 Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
 Then, amidst eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

"ALL THY WORKS PRAISE THEE, O LORD."

THE strain upraise of joy and praise, Alleluia!

To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing, Alleluia!

And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky, Alleluia!

They in the rest of Paradise who dwell,
The blessed ones, with joy the chorus swell, Alleluia!

The planets beaming on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations, join and say, Alleluia!

Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings, wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your Alleluia!

Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow;
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing

Alleluia!

First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say Alleluia!

Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again, Alleluia!

Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous,
Alleluia!

There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus,
Alleluia!

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry
Alleluia!

Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply
Alleluia!

To God, Who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid ;
Alleluia!

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord Almighty
loves ;

Alleluia!

This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ the King
approves ;

Alleluia!

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking,
Alleluia!

And children's voices echo, answer making,
Alleluia!

Now from all men be outpoured
Alleluia to the Lord ;

With Alleluia evermore

The Son and Spirit we adore.

Praise be done to the Three in One,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

IN the Cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me ;
 Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming,
 Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified ;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

In the Cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.



CHRISTIAN LIFE.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.

I WOULD not live away: I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

I would not live away, thus fetter'd by sin,
 Temptation without, and corruption within:
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

I would not live away; no, welcome the tomb;
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
 There, sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
 To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

Who, who would live away, away from his God;
 Away from yon Heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet;
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.



FOLLOWING CHRIST'S EXAMPLE.

WHENE'ER the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
 Bright pattern of the Christian life.

O how benevolent and kind,
 How mild, how ready to forgive :
 Be this the temper of our mind,
 And these the rules by which we live.

To do His heavenly Father's will
 Was His employment and delight ;
 Humility and holy zeal
 Shone through His life divinely bright.

Dispensing good where'er He came,
 The labours of His life were love,
 Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
 By His example let us move.

But, ah, how blind, how weak we are,
 How frail, how apt to turn aside ;
 Lord, we depend upon Thy care ;
 We ask Thy Spirit for our guide.

Thy fair example may we trace,
 To teach us what we ought to be ;
 Make us by Thy transforming grace,
 O Saviour, daily more like Thee.

NOT A STRANGER TO GOD.

MY God, permit me not to be
 A stranger to myself and Thee :
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
 Forgetful of my highest Love.

Why should my passions mix with earth,
 And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
 Why should I cleave to things below,
 And all my purest joys forego ?

Call me away from flesh and sense,
 Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence :
 I would obey the Voice Divine,
 And all inferior joys resign.



LORD, it belongs not to my care,
 Whether I die or live ;
 To love and serve Thee is my share,
 And shall be while I live.
 If life be long, I will be glad,
 That I may long obey,
 If short—yet how can I be sad,
 To soar to endless day ?

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand.

Open now the crystal fountains
 Whence the living waters flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through.

Feed me with the heavenly manna
 In this barren wilderness;
 Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
 Be the Lord my Righteousness.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.



Sickness and the Hour of Death.

CHAMBER OF SICKNESS.

CHAMBER of sickness! much to thee I owe,
 Though dark thou be;
 The lessons it imports me most to know,
 I owe to thee!
 A sacred seminary thou hast been,
 I trust, to train me to a happier scene.

Chamber of sickness! suffering and alone
 My friends withdrawn,
 The blessed beams of heavenly truth have shone
 On me, forlorn,
 With such a hallowed vividness and power,
 As ne'er were granted to a brighter hour.

Chamber of sickness! midst thy silence oft
 A voice is heard,
 Which, though it fall like dew on flowers, so soft,
 Yet speaks each word
 Into the aching heart's unseen recess,
 With power no earthly accents could possess.

Chamber of sickness! in that bright abode
 Where there is no more pain,
 If through the merits of my Saviour-God
 A seat I gain,
 This theme shall tune my golden harp's soft lays,
 That in thy shelter passed my earthly days.

WEAKNESS.

O THOU! whose wise paternal love
 Hath brought my active spirit down—
 Thy will I thankfully approve;
 And, prostrate at Thy gracious Throne,
 I offer up my life's remains,
 I choose the state my God ordains.

Cast as a broken vessel by,
 Thy work I can no longer do;
 But while a daily death I die,
 Thy power I may in weakness show.
 My patience may Thy glory raise,
 My speechless woe proclaim Thy praise.

But since, without Thy Spirit's might,
 Thou know'st I nothing can endure,
 The aid I ask in Jesu's right—
 The strength He did for me procure—
 Father, abundantly impart,
 And arm with love my feeble heart.

O may I live of Thee possess'd
 In weakness, weariness, and pain;
 The anguish of my throbbing breast,
 The daily cross, may I sustain
 For Him who languished on the tree,
 But lived, before He died, for me.

SUFFERING.

SUFFERING is the work now sent ;
 Nothing can I do but lie
 Suffering as the hours go by :
 All my powers to this are bent.
 Suffering is my gain ! I bow
 To my heavenly Father's will
 And receive it hush'd and still :
 Suffering is my worship now.

God I take it from Thy hand
 As a sign of love, I know
 Thou wouldst perfect me through woe,
 Till I pure before Thee stand.
 All refreshment, all the food
 Given for the body's need
 Comes from Thee, who lov'st indeed,
 Comes from Thee, for Thou art good.

Grant me never to complain,
 Make me to Thy will resign'd
 With a quiet, humble mind,
 Cheerful on my bed of pain.
 In the flesh who suffers thus,
 Shall be purified from sin,
 And the soul renew'd within :
 Therefore pain is laid on us.

R E S T.

IT was Thy will, my Father,
 That laid Thy servant low ;
 It was Thy hand my Father,
 That dealt the chastening blow ;
 It was Thy mercy bade me rest
 My weary soul awhile ;
 And every blessing I receive
 Reflects Thy gracious smile.

It is Thy care, my Father,
 That cherishes me now ;
 It is Thy peace, my Father,
 That rests upon my brow ;
 It is Thy truth, Thy truth alone,
 That gives my spirit rest,
 And soothes me like a happy child
 Upon its mother's breast.

I have known youth, my Father,
 Bright as a summer day,
 And earthly love, my Father ;
 But that too pass'd away.
 Now life's small taper faintly burns—
 A little flickering flame,
 But Thine eternal love remains
 Unchangeably the same.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

NOT long, not long ! the spirit-wasting fever
 Of this strange life shall quit each throbbing vein ;
 And this wild pulse flow placidly forever ;
 And endless peace relieve the burning brain.

Earth's joys are but a dream ; its destiny
 Is but decay and death. Its fairest form
 Sunshine and shadow mixed. Its brightest day
 A rainbow braided on the wreaths of storm.

Yet there is blessedness that changeth not ;
 A rest with God, a life that cannot die ;
 A better portion, and a brighter lot ;
 A home with Christ, a heritage on high.

Hope for the hopeless, for the weary rest,
 More gentle than the still repose of even !
 Joy for the joyless, bliss for the unblest ;
 Homes for the desolate in yonder heaven !

The tempest makes returning calm more dear ;
 The darkest midnight makes the brightest star ;
 Even so to us, when all is ended here,
 Shall be the past, remembered from afar.

Then welcome change and death ! since these alone
 Can break life's fetters, and dissolve its spell ;
 Welcome all present change, which speeds us on
 So swift to that which is unchangeable.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

IN the hour of my distress,
 When temptations me oppress,
 And when I my sins confess,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie upon my bed,
 Sick in heart, and sick in head,
 And with doubts disquieted
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,
 And the world is drown'd in sleep,
 Yet mine eyes the watch do keep;
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When, God knows, I'm tossed about,
 Either with despair or doubt,
 Yet before the glass be out,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is reveal'd,
 And that open'd which was seal'd,
 When to Thee I have appeal'd,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

NEARER TO THEE.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be—
 "Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee."

Though like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness comes over me—
 My rest a stone ;
 Yet in my dreams I'll be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

Then let the way appear
 Steps unto Heaven,
 All that Thou sendest me,
 In mercy given,
 Angels to beckon me,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upwards I fly,
 Still all my song shall be—
 “Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.”



LORD, have mercy, and remove us
 Early to Thy place of rest,
 Where the heaven is calm above us,
 And as calm each sainted breast.
 Holiest ! yet, if our repentance
 Be not perfect and sincere,
 Oh, suspend Thy final sentence,
 Leave us still in sadness here !
 Leave us, Saviour ! till our spirit
 From each earthly taint is free,
 Fit Thy kingdom to inherit,
 Fit to take its rest with Thee !

"WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE?"

LORD, when I hence must go,
 Go not Thou, Lord, from me;
 When Death has struck the mortal blow,
 Bear Thou mine agony.
 When heart and spirit sink,
 O'erwhelm'd with dark dismay,
 Come Thou who ne'er from pain didst shrink,
 And chase my fears away.
 Come to me ere I die,
 My comfort and my shield;
 Then gazing on Thy cross can I
 Calmly my spirit yield.



I KNOW not the way I am going,
 But well do I know my Guide;
 With a child-like trust I give my hand
 To the mighty Friend by my side.
 The only thing that I say to Him,
 As He takes it, is: "Hold it fast,
 Suffer me not to lose my way,
 And bring me home at last."

I KNOW WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED.



MY Saviour! can it ever be,
 And wilt Thou deign to smile on me?
 Yes! Thou wilt own me on that day,—
 Thou wilt not cast my soul away;
 I know in Whom I have believed;
 I know by Whom I am received.

'Tis even so, my dying Lord!
 Cleansed by Thine all-atoning blood,
 I venture to believe, that day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 Will bring me bliss without alloy,
 And consummate and crown my joy.



'TIS but a little while,
 And He shall come again
 Who died that we might live, Who lives
 That we with Him may reign.
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that glad day;
 O wash me in Thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away.

THE HOUR OF NEED.

O THOU God ! who hearest prayer
 Every hour, and every where,
 Listen to my feeble breath
 When I touch the gates of death.

For His sake, whose blood I plead,
 Save me in the hour of need ;
 Hear and save me, gracious Lord,
 For my trust is in Thy word.

Wash me from the stain of sin,
 That Thy peace may rule within ;
 May I know myself Thy child,
 Ransomed, pardoned, reconciled.



OIL, ask not thou, how shall I bear
 The burden of to-morrow ?
 Sufficient for to-day, its care,
 Its evil, and its sorrow ;
 God imparteth by the way
 Strength sufficient for the day.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

I'M returning, not departing ;
 My steps are homeward bound.
 I quit the land of strangers
 For a home on native ground.

I am rising, and not setting ;
 This is not night but day,
 Not in darkness, but in sunshine,
 Like a star, I fade away.

All is well with me for ever
 I do not fear to go.
 My tide is but beginning
 Its bright eternal flow.

I am leaving only shadows,
 For the true and fair and good.
 I must not, cannot, linger ;
 I would not, though I could.

This is not death's dark portal,
 'Tis life's golden gate to me.
 Link after link is broken,
 And I at last am free.

I am going to the angels,
 I am going to my God ;
 I know the Hand that beckons,
 I see the holy road.

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Why grieve me with your weeping,
 Your tears are all in vain;
 An hour's farewell, beloved,
 And we shall meet again.

Jesus, Thou wilt receive me,
 And welcome me above;
 This sunshine, which now fills me,
 Is Thine own smile of love.



WATCHER, who wak'st by the bed of pain,
 While the stars sweep on with their midnight train,
 Stifling the tear for thy loved one's sake,
 Holding thy breath lest her sleep should break,
 In thy loneliest hour there's a Helper nigh—
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Lone one, and fading, with hectic streak,
 With feverish pulse and wasted cheek,
 Fear'st thou the gloom of the darkened vale?
 Look to the Guide who can never fail,
 He hath trod it Himself, He will hear thy cry—
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

THE BATTLE WON.

MY task is o'er, my work is done,
 And spent the weary day;
 I've fought the fight, the battle's won,
 And I must haste away;
 Henceforth there is laid up for me
 A crown thro' all eternity!

A crown, by Hands eternal wove,
 Meet for a child of God,
 Gemm'd with the jewels of His love,
 And purchased by His blood;
 Which human hands could ne'er have wrought,
 And human merit ne'er have bought.

Farewell, the cross, 'neath which so long
 I've watched and fought below,
 And welcome now the harp and song
 That wait me where I go.
 Yet O, that cross must still be dear,
 Tho' borne thro' many a sorrow here!

And oft throughout eternity,
 'Mid all that's bright and blest,
 Its joys my constant theme shall be,
 And I will love it best;
 For 'twas through Him who died thereon,
 My fight was fought, my Victory won!

THE DYING HOUR.

THE hour of my departure's come ;
 I hear the voice that calls me home ;
 Now, O my God, let troubles cease,
 And let Thy servant die in peace.

The race appointed I have run ;
 The combat's o'er, the prize is won ;
 And now my witness is on high,
 And now my record's in the sky.

Not in mine innocence I trust ;
 I bow before Thee in the dust ;
 And through my Saviour's blood alone
 I look for mercy at Thy throne.

I leave the world without a tear,
 Save for the friends I hold so dear ;
 To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
 And to the friendless prove a friend.

I come, I come, at Thy command,
 I give my spirit to Thy hand,
 Stretch forth Thine everlasting arms,
 And shield me in the last alarms.

The hour of my departure's come,
 I hear the voice that calls me home ;
 Now, O my God, let troubles cease,
 Now let Thy servant die in peace.

IT IS TOLD ME I MUST DIE.

IT is told me I must die!
 O happy news!
 Be glad, O my soul,
 And rejoice in Jesus thy Saviour!
 If He intended thy perdition,
 Would He have laid down His life for thee?
 Would He have called thee with so much love,
 And illuminated thee with the light of His Spirit?
 Would He have given thee His cross,
 And given thee shoulders to bear it with patience?

It is told me I must die!
 O happy news!
 Come on, my dearest soul;
 Behold, thy Jesus calls thee!
 He prayed for thee upon His cross;
 There He extended His arms to receive thee;
 There He bowed down His head to kiss thee;
 There He opened His heart to give thee entrance;
 There He gave up His life to purchase life for thee.

It is told me I must die!
 O what happiness!
 I am going
 To the place of my rest;
 To the land of the living;
 To the haven of security;

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To the kingdom of peace ;
 To the palace of my God ;
 To the nuptials of the Lamb ;
 To sit at the table of my King ;
 To feed on the bread of angels ;
 To see what no eye hath seen ;
 To hear what no ear hath heard ;
 To enjoy what the heart of man cannot comprehend.

O my Father .
 O Thou best of all Fathers,
 Have pity upon the most wretched of all Thy children !
 I was lost, but by Thy mercy found ;
 I was dead, but by Thy grace am now raised again ;
 I was gone astray after vanity,
 But I am now ready to appear before Thee.

O my Father !
 Come now in mercy and receive Thy child !
 Give him Thy kiss of peace ;
 Remit unto him all his sins ;
 Clothe him with Thy nuptial robe ;
 Permit him to have a place at Thy feast ;
 And forgive all those who are guilty of his death.

* * * Richard Langhorne, a lawyer, who wrote the above just before his death, was unjustly condemned and put to death as a traitor, in the reign of Charles II.



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POSTSCRIPT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

I have made this little collection principally for my friends, and especially those who are sick and suffering; but have likewise had printed an edition for more general distribution.

The names of the *original* authors have been given whenever known. Many hymns, however, are centoes or variations, and often appear to have been altered by more than one writer.

Should any authors happen to see their hymns in my selection, they will I trust pardon my not having asked their permission, but there is no infringement of copyright when a book is not printed for sale.

It has been well remarked by the Editor of "*Lyra Anglicana*" (the Rev. R. H. Baynes, M.A.), that "it would be almost impossible to overrate the value of really good hymns, for private as well as public use. Next to the Bible itself, hymns have done more to influence our views and mould our theology, than any instrumentality whatever. There is a power in hymns which never dies. Easily learned in the days of childhood and youth; often repeated; seldom if ever forgotten, they abide with us as a most precious heritage amid all the changes of our earthly life."

This selection has been placed under a few general headings, but it has not been deemed essential that the fragments used to fill up the pages should always correspond with the sectional divisions.

The stamp on the front cover is a Greek monogram—

"CHRIST THE BEGINNING AND THE END,"

taken from the ruins of Hydra, the ancient Casa Nigra, in Africa.

On the back cover is a copy of the old sun dial of Lincoln's Inn, London, with its Latin motto—

"ON THIS MOMENT HANGS ETERNITY."

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TIME *WAS*, IS PAST; THOU CANST NOT IT RECALL:
TIME *IS*, THOU HAST; IMPROVE THE PORTION SMALL:
TIME *FUTURE* IS NOT; AND MAY NEVER BE:
TIME *PRESENT* IS THE ONLY TIME FOR TIME.

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